

EXERCISES

FOR

IMPROVEMENT

IN

ELOCUTION,

BEING

Select EXTRACTS from the best AUTHORS,

FOR THE

Use of those who study the Art of READING and
SPEAKING in Public.

———Vos exemplaria———

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

HOR.

BY J. WALKER;

Author of the Rhyming Dictionary, &c.

LONDON,

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M DCC LXXVII.



TO
DAVID GARRICK, ESQ

THE FOLLOWING
COMPILATION,

IS,

WITH A JUST RESPECT FOR HIS TALENTS,

AND

SINCERE GRATITUDE FOR HIS FAVOURS,

INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED, AND MOST

OBEDIENT SERVANT,

J. WALKER,



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THE principal design of this collection, is to furnish students in elocution with suitable passages for the practice of reading and speaking. As the compiler had frequent occasion to teach pupils in classes, he found it necessary that each of them should read in the same author, and attend to the same passage at the same time; by these means the trouble of handing the book to each other was avoided, and the instruction given to one, rendered equally serviceable to all. This method of teaching required a book of a small size and price, with as much variety as such a book would admit of; and it is hoped these intentions, at least, are answered by the present publication.

But the compiler flatters himself it has another advantage, which more particularly recommends it; for besides the oratorical pieces it has in common with other books of the same

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same kind, he presumes that Mr. Addison's letters on taste, with some of the finest passages from Akenfide's Pleasures of Imagination, and Pope's Essay on Criticism, not only furnish excellent lessons for reading, but form, in some degree, a system of polite knowledge.

CON:

C O N T E N T S.

S P E C T A T O R.

Letters on Taste,

Page 1 to 43

S T E R N E.

Sermon II. on Eccl. vii. 2, 3.

49

M I L T O N. Paradise Lost.

Invocation—Description of the Fall of Satan, and of Hell,

57

Description of Satan's Stature, and Preparation to address his fallen Legions,

59

Description of the Shield and Spear of Satan,

60

Satan's approach to Eden, and his address to the Sun,

61

Description of Paradise,

65

Description of Evening,

ibid.

Adam's Prospect of the future Miseries of his Posterity,

66

A K E N S I D E. Pleasures of Imagination.

Invocation to the Powers of Imagination,

67

Diversity of Genius in different Men,

68

Primary Pleasures of Imagination,

69

Superiority of Moral Excellence,

72

Natural Beauty a mark of Divine Beneficence,

74

Y O U N G. Night Thoughts.

Invocation—Importance of Time—Man composed of Opposites,

77

The Pursuits and Passions of Man, Proofs of his Immortality,

78

Nature and Man, in every View of them, full of Mysteries,

81

D R Y D E N.

Alexander's Feast, an Ode,

82

G R A Y.

An Elegy written in a Country Church-yard,

87

POPE.

C O N T E N T S.

POPE. Essay on Criticism; and Ethic Epistles.	
Taste as seldom found as Genius,	91
Necessity of knowing the Extent of our Taste and Genius,	ibid.
Rules for judging with Propriety,	92
Great Beauties above Rules,	ibid.
Causes of Error in judging,	93
Fate of Modern Languages and Authors,	96
The Knowledge and Characters of Men, not to be learned either by Books or Observation singly, but by both,	97
Education forms the Character of most Men,	ibid.
The ruling Passion continues till Death,	ibid.
A character,	98
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,	100
AMB. PHILIPS. Distressed Mother.	
Orestes delivering his Embassy to Pyrrhus,	102
A. D. D. I. S. O. N. Cato.	
The Senate Scene,	104
SHAKESPEARE. Julius Cæsar.	
The Speech of Brutus to the Romans upon the Death of Cæsar; and Antony's Oration over Cæsar's body,	109
S T E E L E. Conscious Lovers.	
Quarrelling Scene between Bevil and Myrtle,	114
Æ S C H I N E S.	
Oration against Demosthenes, on the Crown,	119
D E M O S T H E N E S.	
Oration against Æschines, on the Crown,	121
C I C E R O.	
Oration against Verres,	130
L I V Y.	
T. Quintius's Speech to the Roman People.	134

SPECTATOR.

No 409 Thursday, June 19.

—Musæo contingere cuncta lepore.

Lucr. lib. 1.

To grace each subject with enliv'ning wit.

GRATIAN very often recommends the fine taste, as the utmost perfection of an accomplished man.

As this word arises very often in conversation, I shall endeavour to give some account of it, and to lay down rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine taste of writing, which is so much talked of among the polite world.

Most languages make use of this metaphor, to express that faculty of the mind, which distinguishes all the most concealed faults and nicest perfections in writing. We may be sure this metaphor would not have been so general in all tongues, had there not been a very great conformity between that mental taste, which is the subject of this paper, and that sensitive taste, which gives us a relish of every different flavour that affects the palate. Accordingly we find, there are as many degrees of refinement in the intellectual faculty, as in the sense, which is marked out by this common denomination.

I knew a person who possessed the one in so great a perfection, that after having tasted ten different kinds of tea he would distinguish, without seeing the colour of it, the particular sort which was offered him; and not only so, but any two sorts of them that were mixt together in an equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment so far, as upon tasting the composition of three different sorts, to name the parcels from whence the three several ingredients were taken. A man of a fine taste in writing will discern, after the same m

ner, not only the general beauties and imperfections of an author, but discover the several ways of thinking and expressing himself, which diversify him from all other authors, with the several foreign infusions of thought and language, and the particular authors from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine taste in writing, and shewn the propriety of the metaphor which is used on this occasion, I think I may define it to be *that faculty of the soul, which discerns the beauties of an author with pleasure, and the imperfections with dislike.* If a man would know whether he is possessed of this faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated works of antiquity, which have stood the test of so many different ages and countries, or those works among the moderns which have the sanction of the politer part of our contemporaries. If upon the perusal of such writings he does not find himself delighted in an extraordinary manner, or if, upon reading the admired passages in such authors, he finds a coldness and indifference in his thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too usual among tasteless readers) that the author wants those perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himself wants the faculty of discovering them.

He should, in the second place, be very careful to observe, whether he tastes the distinguishing perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them so, the specific qualities of the author whom he peruses; whether he is particularly pleased with Livy for his manner of telling a story, with Sallust for entering into those internal principles of action which arise from the characters and manners of the persons he describes, or with Tacitus for his displaying those outward motives of safety and interest, which give birth to the whole series of transactions which he relates.

He may likewise consider, how differently he is affected by the same thought, which presents itself in a great writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a person of an ordinary genius. For there is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an

an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun.

It is very difficult to lay down rules for the acquirement of such a taste as that I am here speaking of. The faculty must in some degree be born with us, and it very often happens, that those who have other qualities in perfection are wholly void of this. One of the most eminent Mathematicians of the age has assured me, that the greatest pleasure he took in reading Virgil, was in examining *Aeneas's* voyage by the map; as I question not but many a modern compiler of history would be delighted with little more in that divine author, than the bare matters of fact.

But notwithstanding this faculty must in some measure be born with us, there are several methods for cultivating and improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little use to the person that possesses it. The most natural method for this purpose is to be conversant among the writings of the most polite authors. A man who has any relish for fine writing, either discovers new beauties, or receives stronger impressions from the masterly strokes of a great author every time he peruses him; besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of speaking and thinking.

Conversation with men of a polite genius is another method for improving our natural taste. It is impossible for a man of the greatest parts to consider any thing in its whole extent, and in all its variety of lights. Every man, besides those general observations which are to be made upon an author, forms several reflexions that are peculiar to his own manner of thinking; so that conversation will naturally furnish us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other mens parts and reflexions as well as our own. This is the best reason I can give for the observation which several have made, that men of great genius in the same way of writing, seldom rise up singly, but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body; as they did at Rome in the reign of Augustus, and in Greece about the age of Socrates. I cannot think that Corneille, Racine, Molière, Boileau, la Fontaine, A 2
Bruyere,

Burys, Bossu, or the Daciers, would have written so well as they have done, had they not been friends and contemporaries.

It is likewise necessary for a man who would form to himself a finished taste of good writing, to be well versed in the works of the best Critics both ancient and modern. I must confess that I could wish there were authors of this kind, who, beside the mechanical rules which a man of very little taste may discourse upon, would enter into the very spirit and soul of fine writing, and shew us the several sources of that pleasure which rises in the mind upon the perusal of a noble work. Thus although in poetry it be absolutely necessary that the unities of time, place, and action, with other points of the same nature, should be thoroughly explained and understood; there is something more essential to the art, something that elevates and astonishes the fancy, and gives a greatness of mind to the reader, which few of the critics besides Longinus have considered.

Our general taste in England is for epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greatest writers, both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured in several of my speculations to banish this Gothic taste, which has taken possession among us. I entertained the town for a week together with an essay upon wit, in which I endeavoured to detect several of those false kinds which have been admired in the different ages of the world; and at the same time to shew wherein the nature of true wit consists. I afterwards gave an instance of the great force which lies in a natural simplicity of thought to affect the mind of the reader, from such vulgar pieces as have little else besides this single qualification to recommend them. I have likewise examined the works of the greatest poet which our nation or perhaps any other has produced, and particularized most of those rational and manly beauties which give a value to that divine work. I shall next Saturday enter upon an essay on the pleasures of the imagination, which though it shall consider that subject at large, will perhaps suggest to the reader what it is that gives

gives a beauty to many passages of the finest writers both in prose and verse. As an undertaking of this nature is intirely new, I question not but it will be received with candour.

No 411

Saturday, June 21.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante

Præfata solo: juvat integros accedere fonteis.

Atque haufire:

Lucr. lib. 1. v. 925.

Inspir'd I trace the Muses founts,

Untrodden yet: 'tis sweet to visit first

Untouch'd and virgin streams, and quench my thirst.

CREECH.

OUR sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the same time it is very much straitned and confined in its operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. Our sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered, as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch, that spreads itself over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe.

It is this sense which furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that by the pleasures of the imagination or fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by paintings, statues, descriptions, or any the like occasion. We cannot indeed have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance

A. 3.

though.

through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering and compounding those images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination: for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.

There are few words in the English language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense than those of the Fancy and the Imagination: I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the notion of these two words, as I intend to make use of them in the thread of my following speculations, that the reader may conceive rightly what is the subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember that, by the pleasures of the imagination, I mean only such pleasures as arise originally from sight, and that I divide these pleasures into two kinds: my design being first of all to discourse of those primary pleasures of the imagination, which intirely proceed from such objects as are before our eyes; and in the next place to speak of those secondary pleasures of the imagination which flow from the ideas of visible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up into our memories, or formed into agreeable visions of things that are either absent or fictitious.

The pleasures of the imagination, taken in the full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding. The last are, indeed, more preferable, because they are founded on some new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it must be confessed that those of the imagination are as great and as transporting as the other. A beautiful prospect delights the soul, as much as a demonstration; and a description in Homer has charmed more readers than a chapter in Aristotle. Besides, the pleasures of the imagination have this advantage, above those of the understanding, that they are more obvious, and more easy to be acquired. It is but opening the eye and the scene enters. The colours paint themselves

selves on the fancy, with very little attention of thought or application of mind in the beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the symmetry of any thing we see; and immediately assent to the beauty of an object, without inquiring into the particular causes and occasions of it.

A man of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures, that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description; and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession. It gives him indeed a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures: so that he looks upon the world, as it were in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms, that concealed themselves from the generality of mankind.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent; or have a relish of any pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion they take is at the expence of some one virtue or another, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly. A man should endeavour, therefore, to make the sphere of his innocent pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with safety, and find in them such a satisfaction as a wise man would not blush to take. Of this nature are those of the imagination, which do not require such a bent of thought as is necessary to our more serious employments, nor, at the same time, suffer the mind to sink into that negligence and remissness, which are apt to accompany our more sensual delights; but, like a gentle exercise to the faculties, awaken them from sloth and idleness, without putting them upon any labour or difficulty.

We might here add, that the pleasures of the fancy are more conducive to health, than those of the understanding, which are worked out by dint of thinking, and attended with too violent a labour of the brain. Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body, as well as the mind,

mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to disperse grief and melancholy, and to set the animal spirits in pleasing and agreeable motions. For this reason Sir Francis Bacon, in his Essay upon Health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his reader a poem or a prospect, where he particularly dissuades him from knotty and subtle disquisitions, and advises him to pursue studies, that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

I have in this paper, by way of introduction, settled the notion of those pleasures of the imagination which are the subject of my present undertaking, and endeavoured, by several considerations, to recommend to my reader the pursuit of those pleasures. I shall in my next paper, examine the several sources from whence these pleasures are derived.

No 411 Monday, June 23.

Divisum sic breve fiet opus. Mart. Ep. 83. lib. 4.

The work, divided aptly, shorter grows.

I Shall first consider those pleasures of the imagination, which arise from the actual view and survey of outward objects: and these, I think, all proceed from the sight of what is great, uncommon, or beautiful. There may, indeed, be something so terrible or offensive, that the horror or loathsomeness of an object may overbear the pleasure which results from its greatness, novelty, or beauty; but still there will be such a mixture of delight in the very disgust it gives us, as any of these three qualifications are most conspicuous and prevailing.

By greatness, I do not only mean the bulk of any single object, but the largeness of a whole view, considered as one intire piece. Such are the prospects of an open champaign country, a vast uncultivated desert, of huge heaps of mountains, high rocks and precipices,

or a wide expanse of water, where we are not struck with the novelty or beauty of the sight, but with that rude kind of magnificence which appears in many of these stupendous works of nature. Our imagination loves to be filled with an object, or to grasp at any thing that is too big for its capacity. We are flung into a pleasing astonishment at such unbounded views, and feel a delightful stilness and amazement in the soul at the apprehensions of them. The mind of man naturally hates every thing that looks like a restraint upon it, and is apt to fancy itself under a sort of confinement, when the sight is pent up in a narrow compass, and shortened on every side by the neighbourhood of walls or mountains. On the contrary, a spacious horizon is an image of liberty, where the eye has room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the immensity of its views, and to lose itself amidst the variety of objects that offer themselves to its observation. Such wide and undetermined prospects are as pleasing to the fancy, as the speculations of eternity or infinitude are to the understanding. But if there be a beauty or uncommonness joined with this grandeur, as in a troubled ocean, a heaven adorned with stars and meteors, or a spacious landscape cut out into rivers, woods, rocks, and meadows, the pleasure still grows upon us, as it arises from more than a single principle.

Every thing that is new or uncommon raises a pleasure in the imagination, because it fills the soul with an agreeable surprize, gratifies its curiosity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before posselt. We are indeed so often conversant with one set of objects, and tired out with so many repeated shows of the same things, that whatever is new or uncommon contributes a little to vary human life, and to divert our minds, for a while, with the strangeness of its appearance: It serves us for a kind of refreshment, and takes off from that satiety we are apt to complain of in our usual and ordinary entertainments. It is this that bestows charms on a monster, and makes even the imperfections of nature pleasing. It is this that recommends variety, where the mind every instant, called off to something new, and the attention not suffered to dwell too long, and waste itself on

on any particular object. It is this, likewise, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the mind a double entertainment. Groves, fields, and meadows, are at any season of the year pleasant to look upon, but never so much as in the opening of the spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their first glows upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the eye. For this reason there is nothing that more enlivens a prospect than rivers, jets d'eau, or falls of water, where the scene is perpetually shifting, and entertaining the sight every moment with something that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon hills and valleys, where every thing continues fixt and settled in the same place and posture, but find our thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the sight of such objects as are ever in motion, and sliding away from beneath the eye of the beholder.

But there is nothing that makes its way more directly to the soul than beauty, which immediately diffuses a secret satisfaction and complacency through the imagination, and gives a finishing to any thing that is great or uncommon. The very first discovery of it strikes the mind with an inward joy, and spreads a cheerfulness and delight through all its faculties. There is not perhaps any real beauty or deformity more in one piece of matter than another, because we might have been so made, that whatsoever now appears loathsome to us, might have shewn itself agreeable; but we find by experience that there are several modifications of matter which the mind, without any previous consideration, pronounces at first sight beautiful or deformed. Thus we see that every different species of sensible creatures has its different notions of beauty, and that each of them is most affected with the beauties of its own kind. This is no where more remarkable than in birds of the same shape and proportion, where we often see the mate determined in his courtship by the single grain or tincture of a feather, and never discovering any charms but in the colour of its species.

Scit

Scit thalamo fervare fidem, sanctaeque veretur
 Connubii leges: non illum in pectore candor
 Sollicitat niveus; neque pravam accendit amorem
 Splendida lanugo, vel honesta in vertice crista,
 Purpureusve nitor pennarum; aut agmina late
 Fœminea explorat cautus, maculasque requirit
 Cognatas, paribusque interlita corpora guttis:
 Nil faceret, pictis sylvam circum undique monstros
 Confusam aspiceres vulgo, partisque bifformes,
 Et genus ambiguum, & veneris monumenta nefanda,
 Hinc merula in nigro se oblectat nigra marito,
 Hinc socium lasciva petit philomela canorum,
 Agnoscitque pares sonitus, hinc noctua tetram
 Canitiem alarum, & glaucos miratur ocellos.
 Nempe sibi semper constat, crevitque quotannis
 Lucida progenies, castos confessa parentes;
 Dum virides inter saltus lucosque sonoros
 Vere novo exultat, plumasque decora juvenus
 Explicat ad solem, patriisque coloribus ardet.

The feather'd husband, to his partner true,
 Preserves connubial rites inviolate.

With cold indifference every charm he sees,

The milky whiteness of the stately neck,

The shining down, proud crest, and purple wings:

But cautious with a searching eye explores

The female tribes, his proper mate to find,

With kindred colours mark'd: did he not so,

The grove with painted monsters wou'd abound,

The ambiguous product of unnatural love.

The black-bird hence selects her sooty spouse:

The nightingale her musical compeer,

Lur'd by the well known voice: the bird of night,

Smit with his dusky wings and greenish eyes,

Wooes his dun paramour. The beauteous race

Speak the chaste loves of their progenitors:

When, by the spring invited, they exult

In woods and fields, and to the sun unfold

Their plumes, that with paternal colours glow.

There

There is a second kind of beauty that we find in the several products of art and nature, which does not work in the imagination with that warmth and violence as the beauty that appears in our proper species, but is apt however to raise in us a secret delight, and a kind of fondness for the places or objects in which we discover it. This consists either in the gaiety or variety of colours, in the symmetry and proportion of parts, in the arrangement and disposition of bodies, or in a just mixture and concurrence of all together. Among these several kinds of beauty the eye takes most delight in colours. We no where meet with a more glorious or pleasing show in nature, than what appears in the heavens at the rising and setting of the sun, which is wholly made up of those different stains of light that shew themselves in clouds of a different situation. For this reason we find the poets, who are always addressing themselves to the imagination, borrowing more of their epithets from colours than from any other topic.

As the fancy delights in every thing that is great, strange, or beautiful, and is still more pleased the more it finds of these perfections in the same object, so it is capable of receiving a new satisfaction by the assistance of another sense. Thus any continued sound, as the music of birds, or a fall of water, awakens every moment the mind of the beholder, and makes him more attentive to the several beauties of the place that lie before him. Thus if there arises a fragrantcy of smells or perfumes, they heighten the pleasures of the imagination, and make even the colours and verdure of the landscape appear more agreeable; for the ideas of both senses recommend each other, and are pleasanter together, than when they enter the mind separately: as the different colours of a picture, when they are well disposed, set off one another, and receive an additional beauty from the advantage of their situation. O

N^o 413

Tuesday, June 24.

Causa latet, vis est notissima

Ovid. Met. l. 4. v. 207.

The cause is secret, but the effect is known.

ADDISON.

THOUGH in yesterday's paper we considered how every thing that is great, new, or beautiful, is apt to affect the imagination with pleasure, we must own that it is impossible for us to assign the necessary cause of this pleasure, because we know neither the nature of an idea, nor the substance of a human soul, which might help us to discover the conformity or disagreeableness of the one to the other; and therefore, for want of such a light, all that we can do in speculations of this kind, is to reflect on those operations of the soul that are most agreeable, and to range, under their proper heads, what is pleasing or displeasing to the mind, without being able to trace out the several necessary and efficient causes from whence the pleasure or displeasure arises.

Final causes lie more bare and open to our observation, as there are often a greater variety that belong to the same effect; and these, though they are not altogether so satisfactory, are generally more useful than the other, as they give us greater occasion of admiring the goodness and wisdom of the first contriver.

One of the final causes of our delight in any thing that is great, may be this. The supreme Author of our Being, has so formed the soul of man, that nothing but himself can be its last, adequate, and proper happiness. Because, therefore, a great part of our happiness must arise from the contemplation of his being, that he might give our souls a just relish of such a contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the apprehension of what is great or unlimited. Our admiration, which is a very pleasing motion of the mind, immediately rises at the consideration of any object that takes up a great deal

B

of

of room in the fancy, and, by consequence, will improve into the highest pitch of astonishment and devotion when we contemplate his nature, that is neither circumscribed by time nor place, nor to be comprehended by the largest capacity of a created being.

He has annexed a secret pleasure to the idea of any thing that is new or uncommon, that he might encourage us in the pursuit after knowledge, and engage us to search into the wonders of his creation; for every new idea brings such a pleasure along with it as rewards any pains we have taken in its acquisition, and consequently serves as a motive to put us upon fresh discoveries.

He has made every thing that is beautiful in our own species pleasant, that all creatures might be tempted to multiply their kind, and fill the world with inhabitants; for it is very remarkable that wherever Nature is crost in the production of a monster (the result of any unnatural mixture) the breed is incapable of propagating its likeness, and of founding a new order of creatures; so that unless all animals were allured by the beauty of their own species, generation would be at an end, and the earth unpeopled.

In the last place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other objects pleasant, or rather has made so many objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole creation more gay and delightful. He has given almost every thing about us the power of raising an agreeable idea in the imagination: so that it is impossible for us to behold his works with coldness or indifference, and to survey so many beauties without a secret satisfaction and complacency. Things would make but a poor appearance to the eye, if we saw them only in their proper figures and motions: and what reason can we assign for their exciting in us many of those ideas which are different from any thing that exists in the objects themselves, (for such are light and colours) were it not to add supernumerary ornaments to the universe, and make it more agreeable to the imagination? We are every where entertained with pleasing shows and apparitions, we discover imaginary glories in the heavens, and in the earth, and see some of this visionary beauty poured out upon the whole creation; but what a rough unsightly

unsightly sketch of nature should we be entertained with, did all her colouring disappear, and the several distinctions of light and shade vanish? In short, our souls are at present delightfully lost and bewildered in a pleasing delusion, and we walk about like the enchanted hero in a romance, who sees beautiful castles, woods, and meadows; and at the same time hears the warbling of birds, and the purling of streams; but upon the finishing of some secret spell, the fantastic scene breaks up, and the disconsolate knight finds himself on a barren heath, or in a solitary desert. It is not improbable that something like this may be the state of the soul after its first separation, in respect of the images it will receive from matter, though indeed the ideas of colours are so pleasing and beautiful in the imagination, that it is possible the soul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by some other occasional cause, as they are at present by the different impressions of the subtile matter on the organ of sight.

I have here supposed that my reader is acquainted with that great modern discovery, which is at present universally acknowledged by all the enquirers into natural philosophy: namely, that light and colours, as apprehended by the imagination, are only ideas in the mind, and not qualities that have any existence in matter. As this is a truth that has been proved incontestably by many modern philosophers, and is indeed one of the finest speculations in that science, if the English reader would see the notion explained at large, he may find it in the eighth chapter of the second book of Mr. Lock's Essay on Human Understanding. O

N^o 414

Wednesday, June 25.

——— Alterius sic

Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amicè.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 4 11.

But mutually they need each other's help.

ROSCOMMON.

IF we consider the works of Nature and Art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as beautiful or strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity, which afford so great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never shew herself so august and magnificent in the design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless strokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embellishments of art. The beauties of the most stately garden or palace lie in a narrow compass, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her; but in the wide fields of nature, the sight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain stint or number. For this reason we always find the poet in love with the country life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes.

Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 77

——— To grottoes and to groves we run,
To ease and silence ev'ry Muse's son.

POPE.

Hic secura quies, & nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum, hinc latis otia fundis,

Speluncæ,

Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hîc frigida tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.

Virg. Georg. l. 2, v. 467.

Here easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner blefs,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide;
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And, after toilsome days, a short repose at night.

DRYDEN.

But though there are several of those wild scenes, that are more delightful than any artificial shows; yet we find the works of nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of art: for in this case our pleasure rises from a double principle from the agreeableness of the objects to the eye, and from their similitude to other objects: we are pleas'd as well with comparing their beauties, as with surveying them, and can represent them to our minds, either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in those accidental landkips of trees, clouds, and cities, that are sometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottoes; and in a word, in any thing that hath such a variety or regularity as may seem the effect of design in what we call the works of chance.

If the products of nature rise in value according as they more or less resemble those of art, we may be sure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their resemblance of such as are natural; because here the similitude is not only pleasant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettiest landskip I ever saw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics.

Here you might discover the waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colours, with the picture of a ship entring at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green shadows of trees waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I must confess, the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination; but certainly the chief reason is its near resemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in nature something more grand and august, than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When, therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure, than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent every where an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegance which we meet with in those of our own country. It might, indeed, be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage, and the plough, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of a garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit, as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers, that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landkip of his own possessions.

Writers,

Writers, who have given us an account of China, tell us the inhabitants of that country laugh at the plantations of our Europeans, which are laid out by the rule and line; because, they say, any one may place trees in equal rows and uniform figures. They choose rather to shew a genius in works of this nature, and therefore always conceal the art by which they direct themselves. They have a word, it seems, in their language, by which they express the particular beauty of a plantation that thus strikes the imagination at first sight, without discovering what it is that has so agreeable an effect. Our British gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our trees rise in cones, globes, and pyramids. We see the marks of the scissars upon every plant and bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion, but for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriance and diffusion of boughs and branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and cannot but fancy that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful, than all the little labyrinths of the most finished parterre. But as our great modellers of gardens have their magazines of plants to dispose of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful plantations of fruit-trees, and contrive a plan that may most turn to their own profit, in taking off their evergreens, and the like moveable plants, with which their shops are plentifully stocked.

N^o 415

Thursday, June 26.

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem.

Virg. Georg. 2. v. 155.

Next add our cities of illustrious name,

Their costly labour and stupendous frame. DRYDEN.

HAVING already shewn how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards considered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually assist and complete each other in forming such
scenes

scenes and prospects as are most apt to delight the mind of the beholder, I shall in this paper throw together some reflections on that particular art, which has a more immediate tendency, than any other, to produce those primary pleasures of the imagination, which have hitherto been the subject of this discourse. The art I mean is that of architecture, which I shall consider only with regard to the light in which the foregoing speculations have placed it, without entering into those rules and maxims which the great masters of architecture have laid down, and explained at large in numberless treatises upon that subject.

Greatness, in the works of architecture, may be considered as relating to the bulk and body of the structure, or to the manner in which it is built. As for the first, we find the ancients, especially among the eastern nations of the world, infinitely superior to the moderns.

Not to mention the Tower of Babel, of which an old author says, there were the foundations to be seen in his time, which looked like a spacious mountain; what could be more noble than the walls of Babylon, its hanging gardens, and its temple to Jupiter Belus, that rose a mile high by eight several stories, each story a furlong in height, and on the top of which was the Babylonian observatory. I might here, likewise, take notice of the huge rock that was cut into the figure of Semiramis, with the smaller rocks that lay by it in the shape of tributary kings; the prodigious basin, or artificial lake, which took in the whole Euphrates, till such time as a new canal was formed for its reception, with the several trenches through which that river was conveyed. I know there are persons who look upon some of these wonders of art as fabulous, but I cannot find any ground for such a suspicion, unless it be that we have no such works among us at present. There were indeed many greater advantages for building in those times, and in that part of the world, than have been met with ever since. The earth was extremely fruitful, men lived generally on pasturage, which requires a much smaller number of hands than agriculture: There were few trades to employ the busy part of mankind,
and

and fewer arts and sciences to give work to men of speculative tempers; and what is more than all the rest, the Prince was absolute; so that when he went to war, he put himself at the head of a whole people: as we find Semiramis leading her three millions to the field, and yet overpowered by the number of her enemies. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, when she was at peace, and turned her thoughts on building, that she could accomplish so great works, with such a prodigious multitude of labourers: besides that in her climate, there was small interruptions of frost and winters, which make the northern workmen lie half the year idle. I might mention too, among the benefits of the climate, what historians say of the earth, that it sweated out a bitumen or natural kind of mortar, which is doubtless the same with that mentioned in Holy Writ, as contributing to the structure of Babel. Slime they used instead of mortar.

In Egypt we still see their pyramids, which answer to the descriptions that have been made of them; and I question not but a traveller might find out some remains of the labyrinth that covered a whole province, and had a hundred temples disposed among its several quarters and divisions.

The wall of China is one of these eastern pieces of magnificence, which makes a figure even in the map of the world, although an account of it would have been thought fabulous, were not the wall itself still extant.

We are obliged to devotion for the noblest buildings that have adorned the several countries of the world. It is this which has set men at work on temples and public places of worship, not only that they might, by the magnificence of the building, invite the Deity to reside within it, but that such stupendous works might, at the same time, open the mind to vast conceptions, and fit it to converse with the divinity of the place. For every thing that is majestic imprints an awfulness and reverence on the mind of the beholder, and strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul.

In the second place, we are to consider greatness of manner in architecture, which has such force upon the imagination, that a small building, where it appears,
shall

shall give the mind nobler ideas than one of twenty times the bulk, where the manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a man would have been more astonished with the majestic air that appeared in one of Lysippus's statues of Alexander, though no bigger than the life, than he might have been with mount Athos, had it been cut into the figure of the hero, according to the proposal of Phidias, with a river in one hand, and a city in the other.

Let any one reflect on the disposition of mind he finds in himself, at his first entrance into the Pantheon at Rome, and how the imagination is filled with something great and amazing; and, at the same time, consider how little in proportion he is affected with the inside of a Gothic cathedral, though it be five times larger than the other; which can arise from nothing else but the greatness of the manner in the one, and the meanness in the other.

I have seen an observation upon this subject in a French author, which very much pleased me. It is in Monsieur Freart's parallel of the ancient and modern architecture. I shall give it the reader with the same terms of art which he has made use of. "I am observing (says he) a thing, which, in my opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the same quantity of superficies, the one manner seems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the reason is fine and uncommon. I say then, that to introduce into architecture this grandeur of manner, we ought so to proceed, that the division of the principal members of the order may consist but of few parts, that they be all great and of a bold and ample relieve, and swelling; and that the eye beholding nothing little and mean, the imagination may be more vigorously touched and affected with the work that stands before it. For example; in a cornice; if the gola or cymatium of the corona, the coping, the modillions or dentelli, make a noble show by their graceful projections, if we see none of that ordinary confusion which is the result of those little cavities, quarter-rounds of the astragal, and I know not how many other intermingled particulars, which produce no effect in great and massy works, and which very unprofitably take up place to the prejudice of the principal member, it is
most

most certain that this manner will appear solemn and great; as on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and mean effect, where there is a redundancy of those smaller ornaments, which divide and scatter the angles of the sight into such a multitude of rays, so pressed together that the whole will appear but a confusion."

Among all the figures of architecture, there are none that have a greater air than the concave and the convex, and we find in all the ancient and modern architecture, as well in the remote parts of China, as in countries nearer home, that round pillars and vaulted roofs make a great part of those buildings which are designed for pomp and magnificence. The reason I take to be, because in these figures we generally see more of the body, than in those of other kinds. There are, indeed, figures of bodies, where the eye may take in two thirds of the surface; but as in such bodies the sight must split upon several angles, it does not take in one uniform idea, but several ideas of the same kind. Look upon the outside of a dome, your eye half surrounds it; look upon the inside, and at one glance you have all the prospect of it; the intire concavity falls into your eye at once, the sight being as the center that collects and gathers into it the lines of the whole circumference: in a square pillar, the sight often takes in but a fourth part of the surface; and in a square concave, must move up and down to the different sides, before it is master of all the inward surface. For this reason, the fancy is infinitely more struck with the view of the open air, and skies, that passes through an arch, than what comes through a square, or any other figure. The figure of the rainbow does not contribute less to its magnificence, than the colours to its beauty, as it is very poetically described by the son of Sirach: "Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is in its brightness; it encompasses the heavens with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

Having thus spoken of that greatness which affects the mind in architecture, I might next shew the pleasure that rises in the imagination from what appears new and beautiful in this art; but as every beholder has naturally a greater taste of these two perfections in every building which offers itself to his view, than of that which

which I have hitherto considered, I shall not trouble my reader with any reflections upon it. It is sufficient for my present purpose to observe, that there is nothing in this whole art which pleases the imagination, but as it is great, uncommon, or beautiful. O

N^o 416

Friday, June 27.

Quatenus hoc simile est oculis, quod mente videmus.

Lucr. l. 4. v. 754.

— Objects still appear the same
To mind and eye, in colour and in frame.

CREECH.

I At first divided the pleasures of the imagination into such as arise from objects that are actually before our eyes, or that once entered in at our eyes, and are afterwards called up into the mind either barely by its own operations, or on occasion of something without us, as statues, or descriptions. We have already considered the first division, and shall therefore enter on the other, which, for distinction sake, I have called the secondary pleasures of the imagination. When I say the ideas we receive from statues, descriptions, or such like occasions, are the same that were once actually in our view, it must not be understood that we had once seen the very place, action, or person which are carved or described. It is sufficient, that we have seen places, persons, or actions in general which bear a resemblance, or at least some remote analogy, with what we find represented. Since it is in the power of the imagination, when it is once stocked with particular ideas, to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own pleasure.

Among the different kinds of representation, statuary is the most natural, and shews us something likest the object that is represented. To make use of a common instance, let one, who is born blind, take an image in his hands, and trace out with his fingers the different

ferent furrows and impressions of the chissel, and he will easily conceive how the shape of a man, or beast, may be represented by it; but should he draw his hand over a picture, where all is smooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the several prominencies and depressions of a human body could be shewn on a plain piece of canvas, that has in it no unevenness or irregularity. Description runs yet farther from the things it represents than painting; for a picture bears a real resemblance to its original, which letters and syllables are wholly void of. Colours speak all languages, but words are understood only by such a people or nation. For this reason, though men's necessities quickly put them on finding out speech, writing is probably of a later invention than painting; particularly we are told that in America, when the Spaniards first arrived there, expresses were sent to the emperor of Mexico in paint, and the news of his country delineated by the strokes of a pencil, which was a more natural way than that of writing, though at the same time much more imperfect, because it is impossible to draw the little connexions of speech, or to give the picture of a conjunction or an adverb. It would be yet more strange, to represent visible objects by sounds that have no ideas annexed to them, and to make something like description in music. Yet it is certain, there may be confused, imperfect, notions of this nature raised in the imagination by an artificial composition of notes; and we find that great masters in the art are able, sometimes, to set their hearers in the heat and hurry of a battle, to overcast their minds with melancholy scenes and apprehensions of deaths and funerals, or to lull them into pleasing dreams of groves and elysiums.

In all these instances, this secondary pleasure of the imagination proceeds from that action of the mind, which compares the ideas arising from the original objects, with the ideas we receive from the statue, picture, description, or sound that represents them. It is impossible for us to give the necessary reason, why this operation of the mind is attended with so much pleasure, as I have before observed on the same occasion; but we find a great variety of entertainments de-

rived from this single principle: for it is this that not only gives us a relish of statuary, painting, and description, but makes us delight in all the actions and arts of mimicry. It is this that makes the several kinds of wit pleasant, which consists, as I have formerly shewn, in the affinity of ideas: And we may add, it is this also that raises the little satisfaction we sometimes find in the different sorts of false wit; whether it consists in the affinity of letters, as an anagram, acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggerel rhimes, echoes; or of words, as in puns, quibbles; or of a whole sentence or poem, as wings and altars. The final cause, probably, of annexing pleasure to this operation of the mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our searches after truth, since the distinguishing one thing from another, and the right discerning betwixt our ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and observing the congruity or disagreement that appears among the several works of nature.

But I shall here confine myself to those pleasures of the imagination, which proceed from ideas raised by words, because most of the observations that agree with descriptions, are equally applicable to painting and statuary.

Words, when well chosen, have so great a force in them, that a description often gives us more lively ideas than the sight of things themselves. The reader finds a scene drawn in stronger colours, and painted more to the life in his imagination, by the help of words, than by an actual survey of the scene which they describe. In this case the poet seems to get the better of nature; he takes, indeed, the landscape after her, but gives it more vigorous touches, heightens its beauty, and so enlivens the whole piece, that the images which flow from the objects themselves appear weak and faint, in comparison of those that come from the expressions. The reason, probably, may be, because in the survey of any object, we have only so much of it painted on the imagination, as comes in at the eye; but in its description, the poet gives us as free a view of it as he pleases, and discovers to us several parts, that either we did not attend to, or that lay out of our sight when we first

first beheld it. As we look on any object, our idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three simple ideas; but when the poet represents it, he may either give us a more complex idea of it, or only raise in us such ideas as are most apt to affect the imagination.

It may be here worth our while to examine how it comes to pass that several readers, who are all acquainted with the same language, and know the meaning of the words they read, should nevertheless have a different relish of the same descriptions. We find one transported with a passage, which another runs over with coldness and indifference, or finding the representation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of likeness and conformity. This different taste must proceed either from the perfection of imagination in one more than in another, or from the different ideas that several readers affix to the same words. For, to have a true relish, and form a right judgment of a description, a man should be born with a good imagination, and must have well weighed the force and energy that lie in the several words of a language, so as to be able to distinguish which are most significant and expressive of their proper ideas, and what additional strength and beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. The fancy must be warm, to retain the print of those images it hath received from outward objects, and the judgment discerning, to know what expressions are most proper to clothe and adorn them to the best advantage. A man who is deficient in either of these respects, though he may receive the general notion of a description, can never see distinctly all its particular beauties: as a person with a weak sight may have the confused prospect of a place that lies before him, without entering into its several parts, or discerning the variety of its colours in their full glory and perfection.

O

N^o 417

Saturday, June 28.

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
 Nascentem placido lumine videris,
 Non illum labor Isthmius
 Charabit pugilem, non equus impiger, &c.
 Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluant.
 Et spissæ nemorum comæ
 Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.

Hor. Od. 3. l. 4 v. 1.

At whose blest birth propitious rays
 The Muses shed, on whom they smile,
 No dusky Isthmian game
 Shall stoutest of the ring proclaim,
 Or, to reward his toil,
 Wreath ivy crowns, and grace his head with bays.
 But fruitful Tibur's shady groves,
 Its pleasant springs, and purling streams,
 Shall raise a lasting name,
 And set him high in sounding fame
 For Lyric verse.

CREECH.

WE may observe, that any single circumstance of what we have formerly seen often raises up a whole scene of imagery, and awakens numberless ideas that before slept in the imagination; such a particular smell or colour is able to fill the mind, on a sudden, with the picture of the fields or gardens where we first met with it, and to bring up into view all the variety of images that once attended it. Our imagination takes the hint, and leads us unexpectedly into cities or theatres, plains or meadows. We may further observe, when the fancy thus reflects on the scenes that have past in it formerly, those which were at first pleasant to behold, appear more so upon reflection, and that the memory heightens the delightfulness of the original. A Cartesian would account for both these instances in the following manner.

The

The set of ideas which we received from such a prospect or garden, having entered the mind at the same time, have a set of traces belonging to them in the brain, bordering very near upon one another; when, therefore, any one of these ideas arises in the imagination, and consequently dispatches a flow of animal spirits to its proper trace, these spirits, in the violence of their motion, run not only into the trace, to which they were more particularly directed, but into several of those that lie about it: by this means they awaken other ideas of the same set, which immediately determine a new dispatch of spirits, that in the same manner open other neighbouring traces, till at last the whole set of them is blown up, and the whole prospect or garden flourishes in the imagination. But because the pleasure we received from these places far surmounted, and overcame the little disagreeableness we found in them; for this reason there was at first a wider passage worn in the pleasure traces, and on the contrary, so narrow a one in those which belonged to the disagreeable ideas, that they were quickly stopt up, and rendered incapable of receiving any animal spirits, and consequently of exciting any unpleasant ideas in the memory.

It would be in vain to enquire, whether the power of imagining things strongly proceeds from any greater perfection in the soul, or from any nicer texture in the brain of one man than of another. But this is certain, that a noble writer should be born with this faculty in its full strength and vigour, so as to be able to receive lively ideas from outward objects, to retain them long, and to range them together, upon occasion, in such figures and representations as are most likely to hit the fancy of the reader. A poet should take as much pains in forming his imagination, as a philosopher in cultivating his understanding. He must gain a due relish of the works of nature, and be thoroughly conversant in the various scenery of a country life.

When he is stored with country images, if he would go beyond pastoral and the lower kinds of poetry, he ought to acquaint himself with the pomp and magnificence of courts. He should be very well versed in every thing that is noble and stately in the productions

of art, whether it appear in painting or statuary, in the great works of architecture which are in their present glory, or in the ruins of those which flourished in former ages.

Such advantages as these help to open a man's thoughts, and to enlarge his imagination, and will therefore have their influence on all kinds of writing, if the author knows how to make right use of them. And among those of the learned languages who excel in this talent, the most perfect in their several kinds are perhaps Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. The first strikes the imagination wonderfully with what is great, the second with what is beautiful, and the last with what is strange. Reading the *Iliad*, is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thousand savage prospects of vast deserts, wide uncultivated marshes, huge forests, mishapen rocks and precipices. On the contrary, the *Æneid* is like a well ordered garden, where it is impossible to find out any part unadorned, or to cast our eyes upon a single spot that does not produce some beautiful plant or flower. But when we are in the *Metamorphosis* we are walking on enchanted ground, and see nothing but scenes of magic lying round us.

Homer is in his province, when he is describing a battle or a multitude, a hero or a god. Virgil is never better pleased, than when he is in his *Elysium*, or copying out an entertaining picture. Homer's epithets generally mark out what is great, Virgil's what is agreeable. Nothing can be more magnificent than the figure Jupiter makes in the first *Iliad*, nor more charming than that of Venus in the first *Æneid*.

Ἡ, καὶ κυσάνειαν ἐπ' ὄφρ' οἱ νύσσι Κρονίων,
Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἀνακλῆ.
Κρατὸς αἰὼν ἀθανάτοιο μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὀλύμπου.

Iliad lib. i. v. 528.

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God:
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the center shook.

POPE.
Dixit.

Dixit & avertens roseâ cervice refulsit:
 Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
 Spiraverè: Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
 Et vera incessu patuit Dea ——— Æn. 1. v. 406

Thus having said, she turn'd and made appear
 Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair;
 Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,
 And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
 In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
 And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.
 DRYDEN.

Homer's persons are most of them godlike and terrible; Virgil has scarce admitted any into his poem, who are not beautiful, and has taken particular care to make his hero so.

————— lumenque juvenatæ
 Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflavivit honores.
 Æn. 1. v. 599.

And gave his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
 And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face.
 DRYDEN.

In a word, Homer fills his readers with sublime ideas, and, I believe, has rais'd the imagination of all the good poets that have come after him. I shall only instance Horace, who immediately takes fire at the first hint of any passage in the Iliad or Odyssey, and always rises above himself, when he has Homer in his view. Virgil has drawn together into his Æneid, all the pleasing scenes his subject is capable of admitting, and in his Georgics has given us a collection of the most delightful landships that can be made out of fields and woods, herds of cattle and swarms of bees.

Ovid, in his Metamorphoses, has shewn us how the imagination may be affected by what is strange. He describes a miracle in every story, and always gives us the sight of some new creature at the end of it. His art consists chiefly in well timing his description, before the first shape is quite worn off, and the new one perfectly finished; so that he every where entertains us with something.

thing we never saw before, and shews monster after monster to the end of the Metamorphosis.

If I were to name a poet that is a perfect master in all these arts of working on the imagination, I think Milton may pass for one: and if his *Paradise Lost* falls short of the *Aeneid* or *Iliad* in this respect, it proceeds rather from the fault of the language in which it is written, than from any defect of genius in the author. So divine a poem in English, is like a stately palace built of brick, where one may see architecture in as great a perfection as in one of marble, though the materials are of a coarser nature. But to consider it only as it regards our present subject; what can be conceived greater than the battle of angels, the majesty of Messiah, the stature and behaviour of Satan and his peers? What more beautiful than Pandæmonium, paradise, heaven, angels, Adam and Eve? What more strange, than the creation of the world; the several metamorphoses of the fallen angels, and the surprising adventures their leader meets with in his search after paradise? No other subject could have furnished a poet with scenes so proper to strike the imagination, as no other poet could have painted those scenes in more strong and lively colours. O

N^o 418

Monday, June 30

— feret & rubus asper amomum.

Virg. Ecl. 3. v. 39.

The rugged thorn shall bear the fragrant rose.

THE pleasures of these secondary views of the imagination, are of a wider and more universal nature than those it has when joined with sight; for not only what is great, strange, or beautiful, but any thing that is disagreeable when looked upon, pleases us in an apt description. Here, therefore, we must inquire a new principle of pleasure, which is nothing else but the action of the mind, which compares the ideas that arise

arise from words, with the ideas that arise from the objects themselves; and why this operation of the mind is attended with so much pleasure, we have before considered. For this reason therefore, the description of a dunghill is pleasing to the imagination, if the image be represented to our minds by suitable expressions; though, perhaps, this may be more properly called the pleasure of the understanding than of the fancy, because we are not so much delighted with the image that is contained in the description, as with the aptness of the description to excite the image.

But if the description of what is little, common, or deformed, be acceptable to the imagination, the description of what is great, surprising, or beautiful, is much more so; because here we are not only delighted with comparing the representation with the original, but are highly pleased with the original itself. Most readers, I believe are more charmed with Milton's description of paradise, than of hell; they are both, perhaps, equally perfect in their kind, but in the one the brimstone and sulphur are not so refreshing to the imagination, as the beds of flowers and the wilderness of sweets in the other.

There is yet another circumstance which recommends a description more than all the rest, and that is if it represents to us such objects as are apt to raise a secret ferment in the mind of the reader, and to work, with violence, upon his passions. For, in this case, we are at once warmed and enlightened; so that the pleasure becomes more universal, and is several ways qualified to entertain us. Thus in painting, it is pleasant to look on the picture of any face, where the resemblance is hit; but the pleasure increases, if it be the picture of a face that is beautiful; and is still greater, if the beauty be softened with an air of melancholy or sorrow. The two leading passions which the more serious parts of poetry endeavour to stir up in us, are terror and pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to pass, that such passions as are very unpleasant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper descriptions. It is not strange, that we should take delight in such passages as are apt to produce hope, joy, admiration,

admiration, love, or the like emotions in us, because they never rise in the mind without an inward pleasure which attends them. But how comes it to pass, that we should take delight in being terrified or dejected by a description, when we find so much uneasiness in the fear or grief which we receive from any other occasion?

If we consider, therefore, the nature of this pleasure, we shall find that it does not arise so properly from the description of what is terrible, as from the reflexion we make on ourselves at the time of reading it. When we look on such hideous objects, we are not a little pleased to think we are in no danger of them. We consider them, at the same time, as dreadful and harmless; so that the more frightful appearance they make, the greater is the pleasure we receive from the sense of our own safety. In short, we look upon the terrors of a description, with the same curiosity and satisfaction that we survey a dead monster.

—— Informe cadaver

Protrahitur: nequeunt expleri corda tuendo

Terribiles oculos, vultum, villosaque setis

Pectora semiferi, atque extinctos faucibus ignes.

Virg. *Æn.* 8. v. 264.

—— They drag him from his den.

The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad surprise,

Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,

His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd
eyes.

DRYDEN.

It is for the same reason that we are delighted with the reflecting upon dangers that are past, or in looking on a precipice at a distance, which would fill us with a different kind of horror, if we saw it hanging over our heads.

In the like manner, when we read of torments, wounds, deaths, and the like dismal accidents, our pleasure does not flow so properly from the grief which such melancholy descriptions give us, as from the secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the person

person who suffers. Such representations teach us to set a just value upon our own condition, and make us prize our good fortune, which exempts us from the like calamities. This is, however, such a kind of pleasure as we are not capable of receiving, when we see a person actually lying under the tortures that we meet with in a description; because in this case, the object presses too close upon our senses, and bears so hard upon us, that it does not give us time or leisure to reflect on ourselves. Our thoughts are so intent upon the miseries of the sufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own happiness. Whereas, on the contrary, we consider the misfortunes we read in history or poetry, either as past, or as fictitious, so that the reflexion upon ourselves rises in us insensibly, and overbears the sorrow we conceive for the sufferers of the afflicted.

But because the mind of man requires something more perfect in matter, than what it finds there, and can never meet with any sight in nature which sufficiently answers its highest ideas of pleasantness; or, in other words, because the imagination can fancy to itself things more great, strange, or beautiful, than the eye ever saw, and is still sensible of some defect in what it has seen; on this account it is the part of a poet to humour the imagination in our own notions, by mending and perfecting nature where he describes a reality, and by adding greater beauties than are put together in nature, where he describes a fiction.

He is not obliged to attend her in the slow advances which she makes from one season to another, or to observe her conduct in the successive production of plants and flowers. He may draw into his description all the beauties of the spring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute something to render it the more agreeable. His rose-trees, wood-bines and jessamines may flower together, and his beds be covered at the same time with lilies, violets, and amaranths. His soil is not restrained to any particular set of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itself to the products of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of spices, he can quickly command

mand sun enough to raise it. If all this will not furnish out an agreeable scene, he can make several new species of flowers, with richer scents and higher colours than any that grow in the gardens of Nature. His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy as he pleases. He is at no more expence in a long vista, than a short one, and can as easily throw his cascades from a precipice of half a mile high, as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the course of his rivers in all the variety of meanders, that are most delightful to the reader's imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of nature in his own hands, and may give her what charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into absurdities, by endeavouring to excel. O

N^o 419

Tuesday, July 1.

—mentis gratissimus error. Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 140.

In pleasing error lost, and charmingly deceiv'd.

THERE is a kind of writing, wherein the poet quite loses sight of Nature, and entertains his reader's imagination with the characters and actions of such persons as have many of them no existence, but what he bestows on them. Such are fairies, witches, magicians, demons, and departed spirits. This Mr. Dryden calls "The fairy way of writing," which is, indeed, more difficult than any other that depends on the poet's fancy, because he has no pattern to follow in it, and must work altogether out of his own invention.

There is a very odd turn of thought required for this sort of writing, and it is impossible for a poet to succeed in it, who has not a particular cast of fancy, and an imagination naturally fruitful and superstitious. Besides this, he ought to be very well versed in legends and fables, antiquated romances, and the traditions of nurses and old women, that he may fall in with our natural prejudices,

prejudices, and humour those notions which we have imbibed in our infancy. For otherwise he will be apt to make his fairies talk like people of his own species, and not like other sets of beings, who converse with different objects, and think in a different manner from that of mankind.

Sylvis deducti caveant, me iudice, fauni.

Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses,

Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 244.

A fatyr, that comes staring from the woods,

Must not at first speak like an orator.

ROSCOMMON.

I do not say, with Mr. Bays in the Rehearsal, that spirits must not be confined to speak sense, but it is certain their sense ought to be a little discoloured, that it may seem particular, and proper to the person and condition of the speaker.

These descriptions raise a pleasing kind of horror in the mind of the reader, and amuse his imagination with the strangeness and novelty of the persons who are represented in them. They bring up into our memory the stories we have heard in our childhood, and favour those secret terrors and apprehensions to which the mind of man is naturally subject. We are pleased with surveying the different habits and behaviours of foreign countries; how much more must we be delighted and surprised when we are led, as it were, into a new creation, and see the persons and manners of another species? Men of cold fancies and philosophical dispositions, object to this kind of poetry, that it has not probability enough to affect the imagination. But to this it may be answered, that we are sure, in general, there are many intellectual beings in the world besides ourselves, and several species of spirits, who are subject to different laws and oeconomies from those of mankind; when we see, therefore, any of these represented naturally, we cannot look upon the representation as altogether impossible; nay, many are prepossessed with such false opi-

nions, as dispose them to believe these particular delusions; at least we have all heard so many pleasing relations in favour of them, that we do not care for seeing through the falshood, and willingly give ourselves up to so agreeable an imposture.

The ancients have not much of this poetry among them; for, indeed, almost the whole substance of it owes its original to the darkness and superstition of later ages, when pious frauds were made use of to amuse mankind, and frighten them into a sense of their duty. Our forefathers looked upon nature with more reverence and horror, before the world was enlightened by learning and philosophy, and loved to astonish themselves with the apprehensions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and enchantments. There was not a village in England that had not a ghost in it, the churchyards were all haunted, every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it, and there was scarce a shepherd to be met with who had not seen a spirit.

Among all the poets of this kind our English are much the best, by what I have yet seen; whether it be that we abound with more stories of this nature, or that the genius of our country is fitter for this sort of poetry. For the English are naturally fanciful, and very often disposed by that gloominess and melancholy of temper, which is so frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and visions, to which others are not so liable.

Among the English, Shakespeare has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in so great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak superstitious part of his reader's imagination; and made him capable of succeeding, where he had nothing to support him besides the strength of his own genius. There is something so wild and yet so solemn in the speeches of his ghosts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, though we have no rule by which to judge of them, and must confess, if there are such beings in the world, it looks highly probable they should talk and act as he has represented them.

There

There is another set of imaginary beings, that we sometimes meet with among the poets, when the author represents any passion, appetite, virtue, or vice, under a visible shape, and makes it a person or an actor in his poem. Of this nature are the descriptions of Hunger and Envy in Ovid, of Fame in Virgil, and of Sin and Death in Milton. We find a whole creation of the like shadowy persons in Spenser, who had an admirable talent in representations of this kind. I have discoursed of these emblematical persons in former papers, and shall therefore only mention them in this place. Thus we see how many ways poetry addresses itself to the imagination, as it has not only the whole circle of nature for its province, but makes new worlds of its own, shews us persons who are not to be found in being, and represents even the faculties of the soul, with the several virtues and vices, in a sensible shape and character.

I shall, in my two following papers, consider in general, how other kinds of writing are qualified to please the imagination, with which I intend to conclude this essay.

N^o 420

Wednesday, July 2.

— Quæcunque volunt mentem auditoris agunto.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 100.

And raise men's passions to what height they will.

ROSCOMMON.

AS the writers in poetry and fiction borrow their several materials from outward objects, and join them together at their own pleasure, there are others who are obliged to follow nature more closely, and to take intire scenes out of her. Such are historians, natural philosophers, travellers, geographers, and in a word, all who describe visible objects of a real existence.

D. a.

It.

It is the most agreeable talent of an historian to be able to draw up his armies and fight his battles in proper expressions, to set before our eyes the divisions, cabals, and jealousies of great men, to lead us step by step into the several actions and events of his history. We love to see the subject unfolding itself by just degrees, and breaking upon us insensibly, that so we may be kept in a pleasing suspense, and have time given us to raise our expectations, and to side with one of the parties concerned in the relation. I confess this shews more the art than the veracity of the historian, but I am only to speak of him as he is qualified to please the imagination. And in this respect Livy has, perhaps, excelled all who went before him, or have written since his time. He describes every thing in so lively a manner, that his whole history is an admirable picture, and touches on such proper circumstances in every story, that his reader becomes a kind of spectator, and feels in himself all the variety of passions which are correspondent to the several parts of the relation.

But among this set of writers there are none who more gratify and enlarge the imagination, than the authors of the new philosophy, whether we consider their theories of the earth or heavens, the discoveries they have made by glasses, or any other of their contemplations on nature. We are not a little pleased to find every green leaf swarm with millions of animals, that at their largest growth are not visible to the naked eye. There is something very engaging to the fancy, as well as to our reason, in the treatises of metals, minerals, plants, and meteors. But when we survey the whole earth at once, and the several planets that lie within its neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleasing astonishment, to see so many worlds hanging one above another, and sliding round their axles in such an amazing pomp and solemnity. If, after this, we contemplate those wild fields of æther, that reach in height as far as from Saturn to the fixed stars, and run abroad almost to an infinitude, our imagination finds its capacity filled with so immense a prospect, and puts itself upon the stretch to comprehend it. But if we yet rise higher, and consider the fixed stars as so many vast oceans of flame, that

that are each of them attended with a different set of planets, and still discover new firmaments and new lights that are sunk farther in those unfathomable depths of æther, so as not to be seen by the strongest of our telescopes, we are lost in such a labyrinth of suns and worlds, and confounded with the immensity and magnificence of nature.

Nothing is more pleasant to the fancy, than to enlarge itself by degrees, in its contemplation of the various proportions which its several objects bear to each other, when it compares the body of man to the bulk of the whole earth, the earth to the circle it describes round the sun, that circle to the sphere of the fixed stars, the sphere of the fixed stars to the circuit of the whole creation, the whole creation itself to the infinite space that is every where diffused about it; or when the imagination works downward, and considers the bulk of a human body, in respect of an animal a hundred times less than a mite, the particular limbs of such an animal, the different springs which actuate the limbs, the spirits which set these springs a-going, and the proportionable minuteness of these several parts, before they have arrived at their full growth and perfection. But if, after all this, we take the least particle of these animal spirits, and consider its capacity of being wrought into a world that shall contain within those narrow dimensions, a heaven and earth, stars and planets, and every different species of living creatures, in the same analogy and proportion they bear to each other in our own universe, such a speculation, by reason of its nicety, appears ridiculous to those who have not turned their thoughts that way, though at the same time it is founded on no less than the evidence of a demonstration. Nay, we may yet carry it farther, and discover in the smallest particle of this little world a new unexhausted fund of matter, capable of being spun out into another universe.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because I think it may shew us the proper limits, as well as the defectiveness of our imagination; how it is confined to a very small quantity of space, and immediately stopt in its operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great, or very little. Let a man try to conceive

ceive the different bulk of an animal, which is twenty, from another which is an hundred times less than a mite, or to compare, in his thoughts, a length of a thousand diameters of the earth, with that of a million, and he will quickly find that he has no different measures in his mind, adjusted to such extraordinary degrees of grandeur or minuteness. The understanding, indeed, opens an infinite space on every side of us, but the imagination, after a few faint efforts, is immediately at a stand, and finds herself swallowed up in the immensity of the void that surrounds it: our reason can pursue a particle of matter through an infinite variety of divisions, but the fancy soon loses sight of it, and feels in itself a kind of chasm, that wants to be filled with matter of a more sensible bulk. We can neither widen, nor contract the faculty to the dimensions of either extreme. The object is too big for our capacity, when we would comprehend the circumference of a world, and dwindles into nothing, when we endeavour after the idea of an atom.

It is possible this defect of imagination may not be in the soul itself, but as it acts in conjunction with the body, Perhaps there may not be room in the brain for such a variety of impressions, or the animal spirits may be incapable of figuring them in such a manner, as is necessary to excite so very large or very minute ideas. However it be, we may well suppose that beings of a higher nature very much excel us in this respect, as it is probable the soul of man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this faculty, as well as in all the rest; inſomuch that, perhaps, the imagination will be able to keep pace with the understanding, and to form in itself distinct ideas of all the different modes and quantities of space.

Thursday,

N^o 421

Thursday, July 3.

*Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre.**Fiumina gaudebat; studio minuente laborem.*

Ovid. Met. l. 4. v. 294.

He sought fresh mountains in a foreign soil:

The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.

ADDISON.

THE pleasures of the imagination are not wholly confined to such particular authors as are conversant in material objects, but are often to be met with among the polite masters of morality, criticism, and other speculations abstracted from matter, who, though they do not directly treat of the visible parts of nature, often draw from them their similitudes, metaphors, and allegories. By these allusions a truth in the understanding is as it were reflected by the imagination; we are able to see something like colour and shape in a notion, and to discover a scheme of thoughts traced out upon matter. And here the mind receives a great deal of satisfaction, and has two of its faculties gratified at the same time, while the fancy is busy in copying after the understanding, and transcribing ideas out of the intellectual world into the material.

The great art of a writer shews itself in the choice of pleasing allusions, which are generally to be taken from the great or beautiful works of art or nature; for though whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the imagination, the chief design of an allusion being to illustrate and explain the passages of an author, it should be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the passages which are to be explained.

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to an advantage, casts a kind of glory round it, and darts a lustre through a whole sentence. These different kinds of allusion are but so many different

rent manners of similitude, and, that they may please the imagination, the likeness ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to see a picture where the resemblance is just, or the posture and air graceful. But we often find eminent writers very faulty in this respect; great scholars are apt to fetch their comparisons and allusions from the sciences in which they are most conversant, so that a man may see the compass of their learning in a treatise on the most indifferent subject. I have read a discourse upon love, which none but a profound chymist could understand, and have heard many a sermon that should only have been preached before a congregation of Cartesians. On the contrary, your men of business usually have recourse to such instances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the reader into a game of chess or tennis, or for leading him from shop to shop, in the cant of particular trades and employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable allusions in both these kinds, but, for the generality, the most entertaining ones lie in the works of nature, which are obvious to all capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in arts and sciences.

It is this talent of affecting the imagination, that gives an embellishment to good sense, and makes one man's compositions more agreeable than another's. It sets off all writings in general, but is the very life and highest perfection of poetry: where it shines in an eminent degree, it has preserved several poems for many ages, that have nothing else to recommend them; and where all the other beauties are present, the work appears dry and insipid, if this single one be wanting. It has something in it like creation: it bestows a kind of existence, and draws up to the reader's view several objects which are not to be found in being. It makes additions to nature, and gives greater variety to God's works. In a word, it is able to beautify and adorn the most illustrious scenes in the universe, or to fill the mind with more glorious shows and apparitions, than can be found in any part of it.

We have now discovered the several originals of those pleasures that gratify the fancy; and here, perhaps,

it would not be very difficult to cast under their proper heads those contrary objects which are apt to fill it with distaste and terror; for the imagination is as liable to pain as pleasure. When the brain is hurt by any accident, or the mind disordered by dreams or sickness, the fancy is over-run with wild dismal ideas, and terrified with a thousand hideous monsters of its own framing.

*Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,
Et solem geminum, & duplices se ostendere Thebas:
Aut Agamemnonius scenis agitatus Orestes.
Armata facibus matrem & serpentibus atris
Cum fugit, ultricesque sedent in limine diræ.*

Virg. Æn. 4. v. 469.

Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes appear:
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches tost,
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;
The Furies guard the door and intercept his flight.

DRYDEN.

There is not a fight in nature so mortifying as that of a distracted person, when his imagination is troubled, and his whole soul disordered and confused. Babylon in ruins is not so melancholy a spectacle. But to quit so disagreeable a subject, I shall only consider by way of conclusion, what an infinite advantage this faculty gives an almighty Being over the soul of man, and how great a measure of happiness or misery we are capable of receiving from the imagination only.

We have already seen the influence that one man has over the fancy of another, and with what ease he conveys into it a variety of imagery; how great a power then may we suppose lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affecting the imagination, who can infuse what ideas he pleases, and fill those ideas with terror and delight to what degree he thinks fit? He can excite images in the mind without the help of words, and make scenes rise up before us, and seem present to the eye without the assistance of bodies or exterior objects. He can transport the
imagination

imagination with such beautiful and glorious visions, as cannot possibly enter into our present conceptions, or haunt it with such ghastly spectres and apparitions, as would make us hope for annihilation, and think existence no better than a curse. In short, he can so exquisitely ravish or torture the soul through this single faculty, as might suffice to make the whole heaven or hell of any finite being.

This essay on the Pleasures of the imagination having been published in separate papers, I shall conclude it with a table of the principal contents of each paper.

THE CONTENTS.

PAPER I.

THE perfection of our sight above our other senses. The Pleasures of the Imagination arise originally from sight. The pleasures of the imagination divided under two heads. The pleasures of the imagination in some respects equal to those of the understanding. The extent of the pleasures of the imagination. The advantages a man receives from a relish of these pleasures. In what respect they are preferable to those of the understanding.

PAPER II.

Three sources of all the pleasures of the imagination, in our survey of outward objects. How what is great pleases the imagination. How what is new pleases the imagination. How what is beautiful in our own species pleases the imagination. How what is beautiful in general pleases the imagination. What other accidental causes may contribute to the heightning of these pleasures.

PAPER III.

Why the necessary cause of our being pleased with what is great, new, or beautiful, unknown. Why the final cause more known and more useful. The final cause of our being pleased with what is great. The final cause of our being pleased with what is new. The final cause of our being pleased with what is beautiful in our own species. The final cause of our being pleased with what is beautiful in general.

PAPER

PAPER IV.

The works of nature more pleasant to the imagination than those of art. The works of nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of art. The works of art more pleasant, the more they resemble those of nature. Our English plantations and gardens considered in the foregoing light.

PAPER V.

Of architecture, as it affects the imagination. Greatness in architecture relates either to the bulk or to the manner. Greatness of bulk in the ancient oriental buildings. The ancients account of these buildings confirmed, 1. From the advantages for raising such works, in the first ages of the world, and in the eastern climates: 2. From several of them which are still extant. Instances how greatness of manner affects the imagination. A French author's observation on the subject. Why concave and convex figures give a greatness of manner to works of architecture. Every thing that pleases the imagination in architecture, is either great, beautiful, or new.

PAPER VI.

The secondary pleasures of the imagination. The several sources of these pleasures, (statuary, painting, description, and music) compared together. The final cause of our receiving pleasure from these several sources. Of descriptions in particular. The power of words over the imagination. Why one reader more pleased with descriptions than another.

PAPER VII.

How a whole set of ideas hang together, &c. A natural cause assigned for it. How to perfect the imagination of a writer. Who among the ancient poets had this faculty in its greatest perfection. Homer excelled in imagining what is great; Virgil in imagining what is beautiful; Ovid in imagining what is new. Our own countryman Milton very perfect in all three respects.

PAPER VIII.

Why any thing that is unpleasant to behold, pleases the imagination when well described. Why the imagination receives a more exquisite pleasure from the description

scription of what is great, new, or beautiful. The pleasure still heightened, if what is described raises passion in the mind. Disagreeable passions pleasing when raised by apt descriptions. Why terror and grief are pleasing to the mind when excited by descriptions. A particular advantage the writers in poetry and fiction have to please the imagination. What liberties are allowed them.

PAPER IX.

Of that kind of poetry which Mr. Dryden calls the "fairy way of writing." How a poet should be qualified for it. The pleasures of the imagination that arise from it. In this respect why the moderns excel the ancients. Why the English excel the moderns. Who the best among the English. Of emblematical persons.

PAPER X.

What authors please the imagination. Who have nothing to do with fiction. How history pleases the imagination. How the authors of the new philosophy please the imagination. The bounds and defects of the imagination. Whether these defects are essential to the imagination.

PAPER XI.

How those please the imagination, who treat of subjects abstract from matter, by allusions taken from it. What allusions most pleasing to the imagination. Great writers how faulty in this respect. Of the art of imagining in general. The imagination capable of pain as well as pleasure. In what degree the imagination is capable either of pain or pleasure. O

STEENE.

S T E R N E.

S E R M O N II.

Eccl. vii. 2, 3. *It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.*——

THAT I deny—but let us hear the wise man's reasoning upon it—for *that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart: sorrow is better than laughter*—for a crack'd-brain'd order of Carthusian monks, I grant, but not for men of the world: for what purpose, do you imagine, has God made us? for the social sweets of the well-watered vallies, where he has planted us, or for the dry and dismal desert of a Sierra Morena? are the sad accidents of life, and the uncheery hours which perpetually overtake us, are they not enough, but we must sally forth in quest of them,—belye our own hearts, and say as your text would have us, that they are better than those of joy? did the Best of Beings send us into the world for this end—to go weeping through it,—to vex and shorten, a life short and vexatious enough already? do you think, my good preacher, that he who is infinitely happy, can envy us our enjoyments? or that a Being so infinitely kind would grudge a mournful traveller the short rest and refreshments necessary to support his spirits through the stages of a weary pilgrimage; or that he would call him to a severe reckoning, because in his way, he had hastily snatched at some little fugacious pleasures, merely to sweeten this uneasy journey of life, and reconcile him to the ruggedness of the road, and the many hard justlings he is sure to meet with? Consider, I beseech you, what provision and accommodation, the Author of our being has prepared for us, that we might not go on our way sorrowing—how many caravanseras of rest—what powers and faculties he has given us for taking it—what apt objects he has placed in our way to entertain us;—some of which he has made so fair, so exquisitely fitted for this end,

that they have power over us for a time to charm away the sense of pain, to cheer up the dejected heart under poverty and sickness, and make it go and remember its miseries no more.

I will not contend at present against this rhetoric; I would choose rather for a moment to go on with the allegory, and say we are travellers, and in the most affecting sense of that idea, that like travellers, though upon business of the last and nearest concern to us, may surely be allowed to amuse ourselves with the natural or artificial beauties of the country we are passing through, without reproach of forgetting the main errand we are sent upon; and if we can so order it, as not to be led out of the way, by the variety of prospects, edifices, and ruins which solicit us, it would be a nonsensical piece of saint-errantry to shut our eyes,

But let us not lose sight of the argument in pursuit of the simile.

Let us remember, various as our excursions are—that we have still set our faces towards Jerusalem—that we have a place of rest and happiness, towards which we hasten, and that the way to get there is not so much to please our hearts, as to improve them in virtue;—that mirth and feasting are usually no friends to achievements of this kind—but that a season of affliction is in some sort a season of piety—not only because our sufferings are apt to put us in mind of our sins, but that by the check and interruption which they give to our pursuits, they allow us what the hurry and bustle of the world too often deny us,—and that is a little time for reflection, which is all that most of us want to make us wiser and better men;—that at certain times it is so necessary a man's mind should be turned towards itself, that rather than want occasions, he had better purchase them at the expence of his present happiness.—He had better, as the text expresses it, “go to the house of mourning,” where he will meet with something to subdue his passions, than to the house of feasting, where the joy and gaiety of the place is likely to excite them: that whereas the entertainments and caresses of the one place expose his heart and lay it open to temptations—the sorrows of the other defend it, and as naturally shut them from it.

So

So strange and unaccountable a creature is man! he is so framed, that he cannot but pursue happiness—and yet unless he is made sometimes miserable, how apt is he to mistake the way which can only lead him to the accomplishment of his own wishes.

This is the full force of the wise man's declaration.—But to do farther justice to his words, I will endeavour to bring the subject still nearer.—For which purpose, it will be necessary to stop here, and take a transient view of the two places here referred to,—the house of mourning, and the house of feasting. Give me leave therefore, I beseech you, to recall both of them for a moment, to your imaginations, that from thence I may appeal to your hearts, how faithfully, and upon what good grounds, the effects and natural operations of each upon our minds are intimated in the text.

And first, let us look into the house of feasting.

And here to be as fair and candid as possible in the description of this, we will not take it from the worst originals, such as are opened merely for the sale of virtue, and so calculated for the end, that the disguise each is under not only gives power safely to drive on the bargain, but safely to carry it into execution too.

This we will not suppose to be the case—nor let us even imagine the house of feasting to be such a scene of intemperance and excess, as the house of feasting does often exhibit—but let us take it from one, as little exceptionable as we can—where there is, or at least appears, nothing really criminal—but where every thing seems to be kept within the visible bounds of moderation and sobriety.

Imagine then such a house of feasting, where, either by consent or invitation a number of each sex is drawn together, for no other purpose but the enjoyment and mutual entertainment of each other, which we will suppose shall arise from no other pleasures but what custom authorises, and religion does not absolutely forbid.

Before we enter—let us examine, what must be the sentiments of each individual previous to his arrival, and we shall find, that however they may differ from one another in tempers and opinions, that every one seems to agree in this—that as he is going to a house

dedicated to joy and mirth, it was fit he should divest himself of whatever was likely to contradict that intention, or be inconsistent with it.—That for this purpose, he had left his cares—his serious thoughts—and his moral reflections behind him; and was come forth from home with only such dispositions and gaiety of heart as suited the occasion, and promoted the intended mirth and jollity of the place. With this preparation of mind, which is as little as can be supposed, since it will amount to no more than a desire in each to render himself an acceptable guest,—let us conceive them entering into the house of feasting, with hearts set loose from grave restraints, and open to the expectations of receiving pleasure. It is not necessary, as I premised, to bring intemperance into this scene—or to suppose such an excess in the gratification of the appetites as shall ferment the blood and set the desires in a flame:—Let us admit no more of it therefore, than will gently stir them, and fit them for the impressions which so benevolent a commerce will naturally excite. In this disposition, thus wrought upon beforehand and already improved to this purpose,—take notice how mechanically the thoughts and spirits rise—how soon, and insensibly they are got above the pitch and first bounds which cooler hours would have marked.

When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun to leave the passages to a man's heart thus thoughtlessly unguarded—when kind and caressing looks of every object without, that can flatter his senses, have conspired with the enemy within, to betray him, and put him off his defence,—when music likewise hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the passions,—when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women, with the sound of the viol and the lute, have broke in upon his soul, and in some tender notes have touched the secret springs of rapture,—that moment let us dissect and look into his heart,—see how vain! how weak! how empty a thing it is! Look through its several recesses,—those pure mansions formed for the reception of innocence and virtue—sad spectacle! Behold those fair inhabitants now dispossessed—turned out of their sacred dwellings, to make room—for what?—at the best for levity

levity and indiscretion—perhaps for folly—it may be for more impure guests, which possibly in so general a riot of the mind and senses, may take occasion to enter unsuspected at the same time.

In a scene and disposition, thus described—can the most cautious say—thus far shall my desires go—and no farther? or will the coolest and most circumspect say, when pleasure has taken full possession of his heart, that no thought nor purpose shall arise there, which he would have concealed?—In those loose and unguarded moments the imagination is not always at command—in spite of reason and reflection, it will forcibly carry him sometimes whither he would not—like the unclean spirit, in the parent's sad description of his child's case, which took him, and oft-times cast him into the fire to destroy him; and wheresoever it taketh him it teareth him, and hardly departeth from him.

But this, you'll say, is the worst account of what the mind may suffer here.

Why may we not make more favourable suppositions?—that numbers by exercise and custom to such encounters, learn gradually to despise and triumph over them;—that the minds of many are not so susceptible of warm impressions, or so badly fortified against them, that pleasure should easily corrupt or soften them;—that it would be hard to suppose, of the great multitudes which daily throng and press into this house of feasting, but that numbers come out of it again, with all the innocence with which they entered;—and that if both sexes are included in the computation, what fair examples shall we see of many of so pure and chaste a turn of mind—that the house of feasting, with all its charms and temptations, was never able to excite a thought or awaken an inclination which virtue need to blush at—or which the most scrupulous conscience might not support. God forbid we should say otherwise:—no doubt, numbers of all ages escape unhurt, and get off this dangerous sea without shipwreck. Yet are they not to be reckoned amongst the more fortunate adventurers;—and though one would not absolutely prohibit the attempt, or be so cynical as to condemn every one who tries it, since there are so many, I suppose, who cannot well do otherwise,

and whose condition and situation in life unavoidably force them upon it—yet we may be allowed to describe this fair and flattering coast—we may point out the unsuspected dangers of it, and warn the unwary passenger, where they lie. We may shew him what hazards his youth and inexperience will run, how little he can gain by the venture, and how much wiser and better it would be (as is implied in the text) to seek occasions rather to improve his little stock of virtue than incautiously expose it to so unequal a chance, where the best he can hope is to return safe with what treasure he carried out—but where probably, he may be so unfortunate as to lose it all—be lost himself, and undone for ever.

Thus much for the house of feasting; which by the way, though generally open at other times of the year throughout the world, is supposed in christian countries, now every where to be universally shut up. And, in truth, I have been more full in my cautions against it, not only as reason requires,—but in reverence to this season †, wherein our church exacts a more particular forbearance and self-denial in this point, and thereby adds to the restraints upon pleasure and entertainments which this representation of things has suggested against them already,

Here then, let us turn aside from this gay scene; and suffer me to take you with me for a moment to one much fitter for your meditation. Let us go into the house of mourning, made so by such afflictions as have been brought in, merely by the common cross accidents and disasters to which our condition is exposed,—where, perhaps the aged parents sit broken-hearted, pierced to their souls with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child—the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centered:—perhaps a more affecting scene—a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate support of it, having long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them—is now piteously borne down at the last—overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecast or frugality could have prevented.—O God! look upon

† Preached in Lent.

his

his afflictions—Behold him distracted with many sorrows, surrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares—without bread to give them, unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig;—to beg, ashamed.

When we enter into the house of mourning such as this—it is impossible to insult the unfortunate even with an improper look—Under whatever levity and dissipation of heart, such objects catch our eyes,—they catch likewise our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work? how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities to which the life of man is subject? By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see and reflect upon the vanity,—the perishing condition and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. From reflections of this serious cast, how insensibly do the thoughts carry us farther? and from considering, what we are—what kind of world we live in, and what evils befall us in it, how naturally do they set us to look forwards at what possibly we shall be?—for what kind of world we are intended—what evils may befall us there—and what provision we should make against them here, whilst we have time and opportunity.

If these lessons are so inseparable from the house of mourning here supposed—we shall find it a still more instructive school of wisdom when we take a view of the place in that more affecting light in which the wise man seems to confine it in the text, in which, by the house of mourning, I believe he means that particular scene of sorrow where there is lamentation and mourning for the dead.

Turn in hither I beseech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Perhaps a more affecting spectacle—a kind and indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathless—snatched away in the strength of his age—torn in an evil hour from his children and the bosom of a disconsolate wife.

Behold

Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house of mourning, to perform that last melancholy office, which when the debt of nature is payed, we are called upon to pay each other.

If this sad occasion which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice to what a serious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced, the moment he enters this gate of affliction. The busy and fluttering spirits, which in the house of mirth were wont to transport him from one diverting object to another—see how they are fallen! how peaceably they are laid! in this gloomy mansion full of shades and uncomfortable damps to seize the soul—see, the light and easy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive it is now, how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions, how deeply it is smitten with sense and with a love of virtue. Could we in this crisis, whilst this empire of reason and religion lasts, and the heart is thus exercised with wisdom and busied with heavenly contemplations—could we see it naked as it is—stripped of its passions, unspotted by the world, and regardless of its pleasures—we might then safely rest our cause, upon this single evidence, and appeal to the most sensual, whether Solomon has not made a just determination here, in favour of the house of mourning?—not for its own sake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occasion of so much good. Without this end, sorrow I own has no use but to shorten a man's days—nor can gravity, with all its studied solemnity of look and carriage, serve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impose upon the other.

Consider what has been said, and may God of his mercy bless you! Amen.

MILTON.

M I L T O N.
P A R A D I S E L O S T.

B O O K I.

Invocation — Description of the fall of Satan, and
of Hell.

O F Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spi'rit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st: Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumin, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to Men.
Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favor'd

Favor'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
 Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equal'd the Most High;
 If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God
 Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud
 With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th'etherial sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantin chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded though immortal: but his doom
 Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
 At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild;
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round
 As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Serv'd only to discover fights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
 Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd
 For those rebellious, here their pris'on ordain'd

In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,
 As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and wett'ring by his side
 One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
 Beëlzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

Description of Satan's stature, and preparation to address
 his fallen legions.

THUS Satan talking to his nearest mate
 With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
 Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
 Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
 Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell,
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
 So stretch'd out huge in length, the Arch-Fiend lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth

Infinite

Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown
 On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
 In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
 Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
 Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a sing'd bottom all involv'd
 With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
 Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
 Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood
 As Gods and by their own recover'd strength,
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

Description of the shield and spear of Satan.

H E scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend
 Was moving toward the shore; his pond'rous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
 At evening from the top of Fesolè,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle.

Satan's

Satan's approach to Eden, and his address to the Sun.

O for that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
"Woe to th' inhabitants on earth!" that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd,
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engin back recoils
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him; for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;
Sometimes tow'ards Heav'n and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;

F

Till

Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless king:
 Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
 I disdain subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Had'st thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
 Thou had'st: whom hast thou then or what to accuse.
 But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission; and that word

Disdain

Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the Spi^{ri}ts beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
 With diadem and scepter high advanc'd,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state; how soon
 Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unay
 What feign'd submission swore? ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconcilment grow,
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight;
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewel remorse: all good to me is lost;
 Evil be thou my good; by thee at least
 Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
 As Man ere long, and this new world shall know.

Description of Paradise.

Blissful Paradise

Of God the garden was, by him in th' east
 Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Selucia, built by Grecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil

His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd;
 Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
 Our death the tree of knowledge grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Pass'd underneath ingult'd; for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden mold high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account;
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
 How from that saphir fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flow'rs, worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
 In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
 Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs: Thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various view;
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
 Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
 Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
 Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose;

Another

Another fide, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; mean while murmur'ing waters fall
 Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
 Her chrystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
 Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers
 Herself a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis
 Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
 Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian ile
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
 Hid Amalthea and her florid son
 Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
 Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
 True Paradise under the Ethiop line
 By Nilus head, inclos'd with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend
 Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures new to sight and strange.

Description of Evening.

NOW came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad:
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird;
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were flunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleas'd; now glow'd the firmament
 With living saphirs: Hesperus, that led

The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Adam's prospect of the future miseries of his posterity.

Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,
A lazar house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, cholick pangs,
Demoniac phrenzy, mooping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Merasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropries, and asthma's, and joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

AKENSIDE.

A K E N S I D E.

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

This Author is remarkable for his elevation of thought, his dignity of expression, and harmony of numbers; his picture of man is grand and beautiful, but unfinished. The immortality of the soul, which is the natural consequence of the appetites and powers she is invested with, is scarcely once hinted throughout the poem: this deficiency is amply supplied by the masterly pencil of Dr. Young; who, like a good philosopher, has invincibly proved the immortality of man, from the grandeur of his conceptions, and the meanness and misery of his state; for this reason, a few passages are selected from the Night Thoughts, which, with those from Akenfide, seem to form a complete view of the powers, situation, and end of man.

Invocation to the powers of imagination.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle pow'rs
Of musical delight! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
Thou smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
Indulgent Fancy; from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flow'rs and dew to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakespeare lies, be present: and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thousand colours through the air,
And, by the glances of her magic eye,

Combining

Combining each in endless, fairy forms,
 Her wild creation, Goddess of the lyre
 Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
 Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend,
 And join this festive train? for with thee comes
 The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
 Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
 Her sister Liberty will not be far.
 Be present all ye Genii who conduct
 The wand'ring footsteps of the youthful bard,
 New to your springs and shades: who touch his ear
 With finer sounds; who heighten to his eye
 The bloom of nature, and before him turn
 The gayest, happiest attitudes of things.

Diversity of genius in different men.

BUT not alike to every mortal eye
 Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
 Of social life, to different labours urge
 The active pow'rs of man; with wise intent
 The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
 Imprints a different byass, and to each
 Decrees its province in the common toil
 To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
 The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
 The golden zones of heav'n: to some she gave
 To weigh the moment of eternal things,
 Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
 And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
 She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
 What healing virtue swells the tender veins
 Of herbs and flow'rs; or what the beams of morn
 Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind
 In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
 Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
 She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
 To these the Sire omnipotent unfolds
 The world's harmonious volume, there to read
 The transcript of himself. On ev'ry part
 They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
 In earth, or air, the meadows purple stores,

The

The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
 Blooming with rosy smiles, they see pourtray'd
 That uncreated beauty, which delights
 The mind supreme. They also feel her charms;
 Enamor'd, they partake th' eternal joy.

Primary pleasures of imagination.

KNOW then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
 Whate'er of mimic Art's reflected forms
 With love and admiration thus inflame
 The pow'rs of Fancy, her delighted sons
 To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
 Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
 The poet's tongue confesses; the sublime,
 The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn!
 I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
 Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
 But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth
 In sight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
 As on a boundless theatre, to run
 The great career of justice; to exalt
 His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
 To shake each partial purpose from his breast;
 And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,
 And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain
 To hold his course unfault'ring, while the voice
 Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
 Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
 Th' applauding smile of heav'n? Else wherefore burns,
 In mortal bosoms, this unquenched hope
 That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
 And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
 With such resistless ardour to imbrace
 Majestic forms? impatient to be free,
 Spurning the gross controul of wilful might;

Proud

Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
 Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
 To heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained view,
 Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame?
 Who that from Alpine heights his lab'ring eye
 Shoots round the wide horizon to survey
 The Nile or Ganges rowl his wasteful tide
 Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade,
 And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
 To mark the windings of a scanty rill
 That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
 Disdains to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing
 Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
 And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
 Thro' fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
 Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns;
 Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
 Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
 The blue profound, and hovering o'er the sun
 Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
 Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
 Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
 The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
 She darts her swiftneſs up the long career
 Of devious comets; thro' its burning signs
 Exulting circles the perennial wheel
 Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
 Whose blended light as with a milky zone,
 Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
 Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
 Beyond this concave, heav'n their calm abode;
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
 Has travell'd the profound fix thousand years,
 Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
 Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
 She meditates th' eternal depth below;
 Till, half-recoiling, down the headlong steep
 She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
 In that immense of being. There her hopes
 Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
 Of mortal man, the sov'reign maker said,
 That not in humble or in brief delight,

Not

OF IMAGINATION.

71

Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Pow'r's purple robes, or Pleasure's flow'ry lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high, capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom; choak the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwise incline.
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active pow'r
To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, tho' beheld
With transport once; the fond, attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For such the bounteous providence of heav'n
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the rip'ning soul,
In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its pow'r? for this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wond'rous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence finally, by night
The village matron, round the blazing hearth,

Suspend

Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
 Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
 And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
 To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
 The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
 Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
 Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
 At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
 The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed.
 At ev'ry solemn pause the crowd recoil
 Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
 With shiv'ring sighs; till eager for th' event,
 Around the beldame all erect they hang,
 Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

But lo! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
 Where Beauty onward moving claims the verse
 Her charms inspire: the freely-flowing verse
 In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
 Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty, thee,
 The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
 The mossy roofs adore: thou, better fun!
 For ever beamest on th' enchanted heart
 Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
 Poetic.

Superiority of moral excellence.

THUS with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
 Advent'rous, to delineate nature's form;
 Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
 Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene
 In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
 Thro' various being's fair proportion'd scale,
 To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
 From their first twilight, shining forth at length
 To full meridian splendour. Of degree
 The least and lowliest in th' effusive warmth
 Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
 Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
 And variation of determin'd shape,
 Where Truth's eternal measures mark the bound
 Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent

Unites

Unites this varied symmetry of parts
 With colours bland allurements; as the pearl
 Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
 And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
 Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
 Thro' which the breath of nature has infus'd
 Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
 Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth,
 In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flow'rs
 Their purple honours with the spring resume;
 And such the stately tree which autumn bends
 With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
 Is nature's charm, where to the full consent
 Of complicated members, to the bloom
 Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
 Life's holy flame and piercing sense are giv'n,
 And active motion speaks the temper'd soul;
 So moves the bird of Juno; so the steed
 With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
 And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
 Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
 There most conspicuous, ev'n in outward shape,
 Where dawns the high expression of a mind:
 By steps conducting our inraptur'd search
 To that eternal Origin, whose pow'r,
 Thro' all th' unbounded symmetry of things,
 Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
 This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.
 Mind, Mind alone, bear witness, earth and heaven!
 The living fountains in itself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand in hand,
 Sit paramount the Graces; here inthron'd,
 Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
 Look then abroad thro' nature, to the range
 Of planets, suns, and adamant spheres
 Wheeling unshaken thro' the void immense;
 And speak, O man! does this capacious see
 With half that kindling majesty dilate
 Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
 Amid the croud of patriots; and his arm

Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country, hail!
 For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free? — Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
 The graceful tear that streams for other's woes?
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of innocence and love protect the scene?

Natural beauty a mark of divine beneficence.

BUT were not nature still endow'd at large
 With all which life requires, tho' unadorn'd
 With such enchantment? wherefore then her form
 So exquisitely fair? her breath perfum'd
 With such ethereal sweetness? Whence her voice
 Inform'd at will to raise or to depress
 Th' impassion'd soul? and whence the robes of light
 Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
 Than fancy can describe? Whence but from thee,
 O Source divine of ever-flowing love,
 And thy unmeasur'd goodness? Not content
 With every food of life to nourish man,
 By kind illusions of the wond'ring sense
 Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
 Or music to his ear: well-pleas'd he scans
 The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
 Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
 Beholds the azure canopy of heav'n,
 And living lamps that over-arch his head
 With more than regal splendor; bends his ears
 To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
 Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,

Nor

Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
 Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
 Than space, or motion, or eternal time :
 So sweet he feels their influence to attract
 The fixed soul; to brighten the dull glooms
 Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
 Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
 Th' advent'rous hero, bound on hard exploits,
 Beholds with glad surprize, by secret spells
 Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
 A visionary paradise disclos'd
 Amid the dubious wild; with streams and shades,
 And airy songs, th' enchanted landscape smiles,
 Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal pow'rs
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
 In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
 But God alone, when first his active hand
 Imprints the secret byass of the soul.
 He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
 Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n,
 Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
 Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
 Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
 And due repose, he loiters to behold
 The sunshine gleaming as thro' amber clouds,
 O'er all the western sky; full soon I ween,
 His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
 Beyond the pow'r of language will unfold
 The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
 How lovely, how commanding! But tho' heav'n
 In every breast hath sown these early seeds
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
 Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
 Without enlivening suns, and genial show'rs,
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.

Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean groaning from the lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flow'ry stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantane shades, and to the list'ning deer,
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the live long day:
Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

YOUNG.

Y O U N G.

N I G H T T H O U G H T S.

Invocation——Importance of Time.—Man composed
of opposites.

THOU, who didst put to flight
Primæval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

'Thro' this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to chear. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various scenes of life and death;
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyis;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!

And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
 How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful, is man?
 How passing wonder He, who made him such?
 Who center'd in our make such strange extremes?
 From different natures marvelously mixt,
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguisht link in being's endless chain!
 Midway from nothing to the Deity!
 A beam ethereal, sully'd, and absorpt!
 Tho' sully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
 Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
 A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels?
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
 What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

The pursuits and passions of man, proofs of his immortality.

“KNOW, all; know, infidels,—unapt to know!
 “’Tis immortality your nature solves;
 “’Tis immortality decyphers man,
 “And opens all the myst’ries of his make.
 “Without it, half his instincts are a riddle;
 “Without it, all his virtues are a dream.
 “His very crimes attest his dignity;
 “His satelless thirst of pleasure, gold, and fame,
 “Declares him born for blessings infinite:
 “What less than infinite makes un-absurd
 “Passions, which all on earth but more inflames?
 “Fierce passions, so mis-measur’d to this scene
 “Stretch’d out, like eagles wings, beyond our nest,
 “Far,

“ Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
 “ For earth too large, presage a nobler flight,
 “ And evidence our title to the skies.”

Ye gentle, theologues, of calmer kind!
 Whose constitution dictates to your pen,
 Who, cold yourselves, think ardor comes from hell!
 Think not our passions from corruption sprung,
 Tho’ to corruption now they lend their wings;
 That is their mistress, not their mother. All
 (And justly) reason deem divine: I see,
 I feel a grandeur in the passions too,
 Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end;
 Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire.
 In paradise itself they burnt as strong,
 Ere Adam fell; tho’ wiser in their aim.
 Like the proud Eastern, struck by providence,
 What tho’ our passions are run mad, and stoop
 With low terrestrial appetite, to graze
 On trash, on toys, dethron’d from high desire?
 Yet still, thro’ their disgrace, no feeble ray
 Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:
 But these (like that fall’n monarch when reclaim’d),
 When reason moderates the rein aright,
 Shall re-ascend, remount their former sphere,
 Where once they soar’d illustrious; ere seduc’d
 By wanton Eve’s debauch, to stroll on earth,
 And set the sublunary world on fire.

But grant their phrensy lasts; their phrensy fails
 To disappoint one providential end,
 For which heav’n blew up ardour in our hearts:
 Were reason silent, boundless passion speaks.
 A future scene of boundless objects too,
 And brings glad tidings of eternal day.
 Eternal day! ’Tis that enlightens all;
 And all, by that enlighten’d, proves it sure.
 Consider man as an immortal being,
 Intelligible all; and all is great;
 A crystalline transparency prevails,
 And strikes full lustre thro’ the human sphere:
 Consider man as mortal, All is dark,
 And wretched; reason weeps at the survey.

The

The learn'd Lorenzo cries, "And let her weep,
 "Weak, modern reason: ancient times were wise.
 "Authority, that venerable guide,
 "Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian porch.
 "(And who for wisdom so renown'd as they?).
 "Deny'd this immortality to man."

I grant it; but affirm, they prov'd it too.
 A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.

What noble vanities, what moral flights,
 Glitt'ring thro' their romantic wisdom's page,
 Make us, at once, despise them, and admire?
 Fable is flat to these high season'd fires;
 They leave th' extravagance of song below.

"Flesh shall not feel; or, feeling, shall enjoy
 "The dagger or the rack; to them, alike
 "A bed of roses, or the burning bull."

In men exploding all beyond the grave,
 Strange doctrine, this! as doctrine, it was strange;
 But not, as prophesy; for such it prov'd,
 And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
 They feign'd a firmness Christians need not feign:
 The Christian truly triumph'd in the flame:
 The Stoic saw, in double wonder lost,
 Wonder at them, and wonder at himself,
 To find the bold adventures of his thought
 Not bold, and that he strove to lye in vain.

Whence, then, those thoughts? Those tow'ring
 thoughts, that flew

Such monstrous heights?—From instinct, and from pride.
 The glorious instinct of a deathless soul,
 Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,
 Suggested truths they could not understand.
 In lust's dominion, and in passion's storm,
 Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,
 As light in chaos, glimm'ring thro' the gloom:
 Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,
 Pleas'd pride proclaim'd, what reason disbeliev'd.
 Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a swell,
 Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to be future sense,
 When life immortal, in full day, should shine;
 And death's dark shadows fly the gospel sun.

They

They spoke, what nothing but immortal souls
Could speak ; and thus the truth they question'd, prov'd.

Can then absurdities, as well as crimes,
Speak man immortal ? All things speak him so.
Much has been urg'd ; and dost thou call for more ?
Call ; and with endless questions be distress'd,
All unresolvable, if earth is all.

Nature and man, in every view of them, full of mysteries.

TO close, Lorenzo ! spite of all my pains,
Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for ever ?
Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all ?
This is a miracle ; and that no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
Deny thou art : then, doubt if thou shalt be.
A miracle with miracles inclos'd,
Is man : and starts his faith at what is strange ?
What less than wonders, from the wonderful ;
What less than miracles from God, can flow ?
Admit a God—that mystery supreme !
That cause uncaus'd ! all other wonders cease ;
Nothing is marvellous for him to do :
Deny him—all is mystery besides ;
Millions of mysteries ! each darker far,
Than that thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.
If weak thy faith, why chuse the harder side ?
We nothing know, but what is marvellous ;
Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe.
So weak our reason and so great our God,
What most surprises in the sacred page,
Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.
Faith is not reason's labour, but repose. —
If not all-adamant, Lorenzo ! hear ;
All is delusion ; nature is wrapt up,
In tenfold night, from reason's keenest eye ;
There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end,
In all beneath the sun, in all above,
(As far as man can penetrate) or heaven
Is an immense, inestimable prize ;
Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—

DRYDEN.

D R Y D E N.
A L E X A N D E R ' s F E A S T ,

A N
O D E.

I.

'T W A S at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son ;
Aloft in awful state
The God-like Heroe sat
On his imperial throne :
His valiant Peers were plac'd around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thaïs by his side,
Sate like a blooming eastern bride
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

C H O R U S.

Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.

The

The song began from Jove ;
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God :
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,
 And while he fought her snowy breast,
 Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world,
 The list'ning croud admire the lofty sound,
 A present Deity, they shout around :
 A present Deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravish'd ears
 The Monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
 The Monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung ;
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
 The jolly God in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shews his honest face,
 Now gives the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes,
 Bacchus ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain,
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
 Drinking is the foldier's pleasure ;
 Rich the treasure ;
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure;
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he flew the
 flain.

The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd
 Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And wlt'ring in his blood:

Deserted at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed;

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With down-cast looks the joyless victor fate

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole;

And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole;

And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree:

'Twas

'Twas but a kindred-sound to move;
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
 Honour but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying,
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying.
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the Gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies, with loud applause,
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd and sigh'd again:
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

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 And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and look'd
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
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VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder,
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head,
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies rise!

H

See

86 ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain,
 Inglorious on the plain.
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high;
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!
 The princes applaud with a furious joy!
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

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 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute;
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before,
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize;
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

Grand

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

87

Grand CHORUS.

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 Inventress of the vocal frame;
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G R A Y.

AN ELEGY. Written in a country church-yard.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 Or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.
 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude fore-fathers of the hamlet sleep.

H 2

The

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the enviy'd kifs to share.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !
 Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.
 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
 Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary fault,
 If memory to these no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the notes of praise.
 Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can honour's voice, provoke the silent dust,
 Or flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death ?
 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
 Hands that the reins of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.
 But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol ;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD. 89

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense, kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,

“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn

“ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,

“ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,

“ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

“ His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,

“ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,

“ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove,

“ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,

“ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss’d him on th’ accustom’d hill,

“ Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree;

“ Another came; nor yet beside the rill,

“ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“ The next with dirges due in sad array,

“ Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him borne.

“ Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the lay,

“ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

“ There scatter’d oft, the earliest of the year,

“ By hands unseen, are show’rs of violets found;

“ The red-breast loves to build and warble there,

“ And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

THE EPITAPH.

“ Here rests his head upon the lap of earth

“ A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:

“ Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,

“ And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

“ Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,

“ Heav’n did a recompence, as largely send:

“ He gave to mis’ry (all he had) a tear:

“ He gain’d from heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.

“ No farther seek his merits to disclose,

“ Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;

“ (There they alike in trembling hope repose)

“ The bosom of his father and his God.”

P O P E.

P O P E.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Taste as seldom found as genius.

TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd.

Necessity of knowing the extent of our taste and genius.

BUT you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;

Launch

92 ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.
Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

Rules for judging with propriety.

YOU then whose judgment the right course would
steer,

Know well each Ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

Great beauties above rules.

SOME beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master hand alone can reach.

}
If,

If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky license answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that license is a rule.
 Thus Pegafus, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.

Causes of error in judging.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
 Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
 A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
 Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:

But

But, those attain'd we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ :
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;
 Nor lose for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold and regularly low,
 That shunning faults one quiet tenor keep ;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts ;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome !)
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes ;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear ;
 The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glit'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line ;
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit ;
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;
 Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
 For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
 As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
 And value books, as women men, for dress :

Their

Their praise is still, — the style is excellent :
 The sense, they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place ;
 The face of nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay :
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
 Clears, and improves what'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold ;
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old :
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song ;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong :
 In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join ;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
 Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line, it " whispers thro' the trees :"
 If crystal streams " with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threat'n'd (not in vain) with " sleep :"
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

'Tis

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows :
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rocks vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow :
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th'unbending corn, and skims along the main.
 Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love ;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound !
 The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Fate of modern languages and authors.

SHORT is the date, alas ! of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years :
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast ;
 Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand ;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live,
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away !

ETHIC EPISTLES.

The knowledge and characters of men. Not to be learned
either by books or observation singly, but by both.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave
That from his cage cries cuckold, jade, and knave,
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.

Education forms the character of most men.

'TIS education forms the vulgar mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar:
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold and brave;
Will. sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave;
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of pow'r;
A quaker? fly; a presbyterian? sour;
A smart free thinker? all things in an hour

The ruling passion continues till death.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate:
The doctor call'd declares all help too late.
"Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul!
"Is there no hope? alas!—then bring the jowl."
I "Odious!

"Odious! in woollen! 'twou'd a saint provoke,
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
 "No, let a charming chintz, and brussels lace
 "Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
 "One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
 "And, Betty! give this cheek a little red."
 The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
 An humble servant to all human kind,
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
 "If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir."
 "I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
 And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
 Your money sir? "My money, sir! what all?
 "Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
 The manor, sir? The manor! "Hold, he cry'd,
 "Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.
 And you! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
 Such in those moments, as in all the past,
 "Oh save my country, heav'n!" shall be your last.

A character.

WHERE London's column, pointing at the skies,
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lyes;
 There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
 A plain good man, and Balaam was his name.
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
 An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.
 Constant at church, and 'change; his gains were sure,
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
 The dev'l was piqu'd, such saintship to behold,
 And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old;
 But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
 Rouz'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
 The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
 Then full against his cornish lands they roar,
 And two rich ship wrecks bless the lucky shore.
 Sir Balaam now he lives like other folks,
 He takes his chirping pint, he crakes his jokes:

"Live

"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.

Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give six-pence where I give a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am so clear too of all other vice."

The tempter saw his time: the work he ply'd;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent,
In one abundant show'r of cent. per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn.
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn;
Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the fates ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull city, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:

First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, games, fights, and in a duel dies.

His daughter flaunts a viscount's taudry wife;
She bears a coronet and plague for life.

In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,

And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.

My lady falls to play: so bad her chance,

He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;

The house impeach him; Coningsby harangues;

The court forsake him, and sir Balaam hangs;

Wife, son, and daughter, Satan, are thy own;

His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown,

The king and ministry divide the prize,
And sad sir Balaam then despairs and dies.

Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said,
'Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me:
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson, much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A cleric, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there, who lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy sun neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends they read me dead.
Seiz'd, and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I,
Who can't be silent, and who will not lye;
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face.

I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears
This saving counsel, "keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane
Lull'd by soft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:

"The piece you think is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "you know his grace,
"I want a patron; ask him for a place."

Pitholeon libell'd me——"but here's a letter
"Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,

"He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet——"'Tis a stranger sues,
"A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!

If I approve, "commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,

The players and I are, luckily, no friends.

Fir'd that the house reject him, "dearh I'll print it

"And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much.

"Not sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks,

At last he whispers "do, and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clapt the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

There are, who to my person pay their court,

I cough like Horace, and tho' lean, am short,

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,

Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir! you have an eye——

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see

All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me.

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,

"Just so immortal Maro held his head!"

And when I die be sure you let me know

Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago,

A M B. P H I L I P S.

Orestes delivering his embassy to Pyrrhus, in the tragedy
of the Distrest Mother.

Orestes, Pyrrhus, and Phœnix.

O R E S T E S.

BEFORE I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son.
Nor does the son rise short of such a father:
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But, what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy;
And, by an ill-tim'd pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten-years war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their states with widows and with orphans;
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports; and, fill'd
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze?
You may, yourself, live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecians just demands:
Sate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyr. The Greeks are for my sake more concern'd
Than I desire. I thought your knees were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprize was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son dispatch'd for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate,
To plot an infant's death?—What right has Greece
To ask his life! must I, must I alone,
Of all her scepter'd warriors, be deny'd

To

To treat my captive as I please! know, prince,
 When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
 Proud victor shar'd the harvest of the war,
 Andromache, and this her son were mine;
 Were mine by lot! and who shall wrest them from me?
 Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
 Cassandra was your own great father's prize:
 Did I concern myself in what they won?
 Did I send embassies to claim their captives?

Orest. But, sir, we fear for you and for ourselves.
 Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
 Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes——

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise:
 But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
 Far fancy'd ills, and dangers out of sight.

Orest. Sir, call to mind the unrival'd strength of Troy;
 Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass;
 Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies!

Pyr. I call them all to mind; and see them all
 Confus'd in dust; all mix't in one wide ruin;
 All but a child, and he in bondage held.
 What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy?
 If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,
 Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd?
 Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain;
 He should have fall'n among the slaughter'd heaps,
 Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been just,
 When age and infancy, alike in vain
 Pledg'd their weakness; when the heat of conquest,
 And horrors of the fight, rous'd all our rage,
 And blindly hurry'd us thro' scenes of death.
 My fury then was without bounds: but now,
 My wrath appeas'd, must I be cruel still?
 And deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
 Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood?
 An infant's blood?—No, Prince—Go, bid the Greeks
 Mark out some other victim; my revenge
 Has had its fill. What has escap'd from Troy
 Shall not be sav'd to perish in Epirus.

Orest. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
 Was doom'd to death in Troy; nor mention how
 The crafty mother sav'd her darling son.

The

The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence:
Nor is't the boy, but Hector they pursue;
The father draws their vengeance on the son:
The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
Has drench'd his sword: the father, whom the Greeks
May seek even here. — Prevent them, sir, in time,

Pyr. No! let them come; since I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him, who conquer'd for them: let them come,
And in Epirus seek another Troy.

'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike fire;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Orest. Shall Greece then find a rebel son in Pyrrhus?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on Greece?

Orest. Hermione will sway your soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourself:
Her beauty will enforce my embassy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms; and I
May love her still, tho' not her father's slave.
I may in time give proofs, that I am a lover;
But never must forget, that I am a king.
Mean-while, sir, you may see fair Helen's daughter:
I know how near in blood you stand ally'd.
That done, you have my answer, prince. The Greeks,
No doubt, expect your quick return.

A D D I S O N.

The senate scene in the tragedy of Cato.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME still survives in this assembled senate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luc. Cato will soon be here and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
A sound of trumpet.
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council.
 Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
 And Rome attends her fate from our resolves:
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
 Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
 Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
 Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
 Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
 And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
 Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
 And envies us even Libya's sultry desarts.
 Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: Are they still fixt
 To hold it out and fight it to the last?
 Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
 By time, and ill success, to a submission?
 Sempronius, speak.

Semp. My voice is still for war,
 Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death!
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And at the head of our remaining troops,
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array
 Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
 Rise, father's, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help:
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
 Or share their fate! The corps of half her senate
 Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
 And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us!

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,

Al

All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
 Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
 In Rome's defence entrusted to our care?
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
 Might not th' impartial world with reason say
 We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
 Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
 With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
 'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
 It is not Cæsar, but the Gods, my fathers,
 The Gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
 (Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
 Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in Heav'n's determination.
 Already have we shewn our love to Rome,
 Now let us shew submission to the Gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
 Arms have no farther use: our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood
 Unprofitably shed: what men could do,
 Is done already: heav'n and earth will witness,
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour oft
 Conceal a traitor — something whispers me
 All is not right — Cato beware of Lucius. [*Aside to Cato.*]

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
 Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;
 And fear admitted into public councils
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desp'rate; we have bulwarks round us;
 Within our walls are troops enur'd to toil
 In Africk's heat, and season'd to the sun;
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,

Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
 While there is hope, do not distrust the Gods:
 But wait at least 'till Cæsar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last,
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
 And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
 A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Fathers, this moment as I watch'd the gate,
 Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
 From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
 The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
 Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By permission, fathers, bid him enter.

[Exit Marcus.]

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
 Has loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
 His message may determine our resolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato—

Cato. Cou'd he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
 Are not your order's to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
 The straits to which you are driv'n; and, as he knows
 Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
 Wou'd he save Cato? bid him spare his country.
 Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
 Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
 Her gen'ral's and her consuls are no more
 Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his triumphs.
 Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
 And reason with you, as from friend to friend:

Think

Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
 And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it;
 Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
 Do but comply and make your peace with Cæsar.
 Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
 As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more:

I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
 And therefore sets this value on your life:
 Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
 And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
 Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
 Submit his actions to the public censure,
 And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
 Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay, more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
 To clear the guilty and to varnish crimes,
 Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
 And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this, becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this, becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, your're in Utica,
 And at the head of your own little senate;
 You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
 With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither?
 'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
 And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye
 Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
 Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
 Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
 With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
 That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
 I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
 Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
 But, by the God's I swear, millions of worlds
 Shou'd never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the Gods take care of Cato.
Wou'd Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man: You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears.

SHAKESPEARE.

The speech of Brutus to the Romans upon the death of
Cæsar.

BRUTUS.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me
for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear.
Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine
honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your
wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better
judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend
of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar
was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why
Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that
I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had
you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than
than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As
Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate,
I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as
he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his
love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and
death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would
K be

be a bondman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak; for him have I offended.——I pause for a reply——

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.——I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol, his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome; I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Antony's oration over the corpse of Cæsar.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears,
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral:
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept!

Ambition

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause:
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason—bear with me.
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his saying
 If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Masters? I fear, there will a worse
 come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the
 crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
 weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;
 Who you all know, are honourable men.
 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you;
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
 Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not, that you are his heirs;
 For if you should—O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the will, we will hear it, Antony:

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
 (I have over-shot myself, to tell you of it.)

I fear I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar.—I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors—honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers; the will!
 read the Will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will.
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me show you him, that made the will.
 Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. *(He comes down from the pulpit.)*

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back—room—bear back—

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle; I remember,
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on,
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,

(dial W)

That

That day he overcame the Nervii——
 Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;——
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made.——
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
 And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
 Mark, how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no?
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
 Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him:
 This, this, was the unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 (Which all the while ran blood,) great Cæsar fell.
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about——
 seek——burn——fire——kill——slay! let not a traitor
 live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen——

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
 with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny:
 They, that have done this deed, are honourable.
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is:
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well,
 That give me publick leave to speak of him:
 For I have neither wit, nor words; nor worth,
 Action or utt'rance, nor the pow'r of speech,
 To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
 Shew you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
 mouths,
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In ev'ry wound of Caesar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

S T E E L E.

Quarrelling scene between Bevil and Myrtle in the
 Conscious Lovers.

Enter Tom.

MR. Myrtle, sir: would your honour please to see him?

Bev. jun. Why, you stupid creature! Let Mr. Myrtle wait at my lodgings! Shew him up. [*Exit Tom.*
 Well! I am resolved upon my carriage to him—He is in love, and in every circumstance of life a little distrustful, which I must allow for—but here he is.

Enter Tom introducing Myrtle.

Sir, I am extremely obliged to you for this honour,
 —But, sir, you with your very discerning face, leave the room. [*Exit Tom.*] Well, Mr. Myrtle, your commands with me?

Myrt.

Myrt. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumstances, which effect me on this occasion, oblige me, without any ceremony, or conference, to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the receipt of my letter, but also comply with the request in it. I must have further notice taken of my message than these half lines,—I have yours,—I shall be at home.—

Bev. jun. Sir, I own I have received a letter from you, in a very unusual style; but as I design every thing, in this matter shall be your own action, your own seeking, I shall understand nothing but what you are pleas'd to confirm face to face, and I have already forgot the contents of your epistle.

Myrt. This cool manner is very agreeable to the abuse you have already made of my simplicity and frankness; and I see your moderation tends to your own advantage, and not mine; to your own safety, not consideration of your friend.

Bev. jun. My own safety, Mr. Myrtle!

Myrt. Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

Bev. jun. Look you, Mr. Myrtle, there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at—But, sir, you know, I have often dared to disapprove of the decisions a tyrant custom has introduc'd, to the breach of all laws both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil, it would be a good first principle, in those who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence of doing injuries, as,—

Bev. jun. As what?

Myrt. As fear of answering for 'em.

Bev. jun. As fear of answering for 'em! But that apprehension is just or blameable, according to the object of that fear.—I have often told you in confidence of heart, I abhor'd the daring to offend the Author of life, and rushing into his presence—I say by the very same act, to commit the crime against him, and immediately to urge on to his tribunal.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this coolness, this gravity, this shew of conscience, shall never cheat me of my mistress. You have, indeed, the best excuse for
life,

life, the hopes of marrying Lucinda: but consider, sir, I have as much reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her; and my first attempt to recover her, shall be to let her see the dauntless man, who is to be her guardian and protector.

Bev. jun. Sir, shew me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authoriz'd by my own hand to vindicate any lawless insult of this nature, and I will shew thee—to chastize thee—hardly deserves the name of courage—slight, inconsiderate man!—There is, Mr. Myrtle, no such terror in quick anger; and you shall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the woman one loves, so little an occasion of anger? you, perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign triancket, for you loose hours; and from your fortune, your specious outward carriage, and other lucky circumstances, as easy a way of admission to a woman of honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarm'd, to be distracted, with anxiety and terror of losing more than life: your marriage, happy man! goes on like common business, and in the interim, you have your rambling captive, your Indian princess, for your soft moments of dalliance, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bev. jun. You have touch'd me beyond the patience of a man; and I'm excusable in the guard of innocence (or from the infirmity of human nature which can bear no more) to accept your invitation, and observe your letter—Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, sir? I thought you did: I heard you speak aloud.

Bev. jun. Yes, go call a coach.

Tom. Sir,——Master——Mr. Myrtle,——Friends——Gentlemen——What d'ye mean? I am but a servant, or——

Bev. jun. Call a coach.

[Exit Tom.]

[A long pause, walking sullenly by each other.]

[Aside.] Shall I (though provok'd to the uttermost) recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my

my servant too, and not have respect enough to all I have ever been receiving from infancy, the obligation to the best of father's, to an unhappy virgin too, whose life depends on mine.

[Shutting the door.]

[To Myrtle.] I have, thank heaven, had time to recollect myself, and shall not, for fear of what such a rash man as you think of me, keep longer unexplain'd the false appearances, under which your infirmity of temper makes you suffer; when, perhaps too much regard to a false point of honour, makes me prolong that suffering.

Myrt. I am sure, Mr. Bevil cannot doubt, but I had rather have satisfaction from his innocence, than his sword.

Bev. jun. Why then would you ask it first that way?

Myrt. Consider, you kept your temper yourself no longer than till I spoke to the disadvantage of her you lov'd.

Bev. jun. True. But let me tell you, I have saved you from the most exquisite distress, even tho' you had succeeded in the dispute: I know you so well, that I am sure, to have found this letter about a man you had kill'd, would have been worse than death to yourself—Read it—When he is thoroughly mortify'd, and shame has got the better of jealousy, when he has seen himself thoroughly, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining Lucinda.

Myrt. With what a superiority has he turn'd the injury on me, as the aggressor? I begin to fear I have been too far transported—A treaty in our family! is not that saying too much? I shall relapse—But I find (on the postscript) something like jealousy—with what face can I see my benefactor? my advocate? whom I have treated like a betrayer.—Oh! Bevil, with what words shall I——

Bev. jun. There needs none; to convince, is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you——

Bev. jun. You have o'er paid the inquietude you gave me, in the change I see in you towards me: alas! what machines are we! thy face is alter'd to that of another man; to that of my companion, my friend.

Myrt.

118 CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Myrt. That I could be such a precipitant wretch !

Bev. jun. Pray no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many friends have died, by the hands of friends, for want of temper ; and you must give me leave to say again, and again, how much I am beholden to that superior spirit you have subdu'd me with——what had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of reason ?

Bev. jun. I congratulate to us both the escape from our selves, and hope the memory of it will make us dearer friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear Bevil, your friendly conduct has convinced me that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by reason, and agreeable to the practice of virtue and justice, and yet, how many have been sacrificed to that idol, the unreasonable opinion of men ! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their swords against each other, with dissembled anger, and real fear.

Betray'd by honour and compell'd by shame ;

They hazard being, to preserve a name :

Nor dare inquire into the dread mistake,

'Till plung'd in sad eternity they wake. [Exeunt.

THE

T H E O R A T I O N O F

Æschines against Demosthenes, on the crown.

Æschines, after having represented, in the beginning of the exordium, the irregularities introduced in the commonwealth, and their pernicious tendency proceeds thus:

“ **I** N such a situation of affairs, and in such disorders,
 “ as you yourselves are sensible of, the only method
 “ of saving the wrecks of government, is, if I mistake
 “ not, to allow full liberty to accuse those who have in-
 “ vaded your laws. But if you shut them up, or suffer
 “ others to do this, I prophesy that you will fall insen-
 “ sibly, and that very soon, under a tyrannical power.
 “ For you know, Athenians, that government is divided
 “ into three kinds; monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy.
 “ As to the two former, they are governed at the will
 “ and pleasure of those who reign in either; whereas
 “ established laws only, reign in a popular state. I make
 “ these observations, therefore, that none of you may
 “ be ignorant, but on the contrary, that every one
 “ may be entirely assured that the day he ascends the
 “ seat of justice, to examine an accusation upon the
 “ invasion of the laws, that very day he goes to give
 “ judgment upon his own independence. And indeed,
 “ the legislator who is convinced that a free state can
 “ support itself no longer than the laws govern, takes
 “ particular care to prescribe this form of an oath to
 “ judges, *I will judge according to the laws.* The re-
 “ membrance therefore of this being deeply implanted
 “ in your minds, must inspire you with a just abhorrence
 “ of any persons whatsoever who dare transgress them
 “ by rash decrees; and that far from ever looking upon
 “ a transgression of this kind, as a small fault, you always
 “ consider

“ consider it as an enormous and capital crime. Do not
 “ suffer then, any one to make you depart from so wise a
 “ principle.—But as, in the army, every one of you
 “ would be ashamed to quit the post assigned him by the
 “ general; so let every one of you be this day ashamed to
 “ abandon the post which the laws have given you in the
 “ commonwealth. What post? that of protectors of the
 “ government.

“ Must we, in your person crown the author of the publi-
 “ lic calamities, or must we destroy him? And, indeed,
 “ what unexpected revolutions, what unthought of cata-
 “ strophes have we not seen in our days?—The king of
 “ Persia, that king who opened a passage through mount
 “ Athos; who bound the Hellespont in chains, who was
 “ so imperious as to command the Greeks to acknowledge
 “ him sovereign both of sea and land; who in his letters
 “ and dispatches presumed to style himself the sovereign
 “ of the world from the rising to the setting of the sun;
 “ and who fights now, not to rule over the rest of mankind,
 “ but to save his own life. Do not we see those very men
 “ who signalized their zeal in the relief of Delphos, in-
 “ vested both with the glory, for which that powerful
 “ king was once so conspicuous, and with the title of
 “ chief of the Greeks against him? As to Thebes, which
 “ borders upon Attica, have not we seen it disappear in
 “ one day from the midst of Greece!—And with regard
 “ to the unhappy Lacedæmonians, what calamities have
 “ not befallen them only for taking but a small part of
 “ the spoils of the temple; they who formerly assumed a
 “ superiority over Greece, are they not now going to send
 “ ambassadors to Alexander’s court, to bear the name of
 “ hostages in his train, to become a spectacle of misery;
 “ to bow the knee before the monarch, submit themselves
 “ and their country to his mercy; and receive such laws as
 “ a conqueror, a conqueror they attacked first, shall think
 “ fit to prescribe them? Athens itself, the common refuge
 “ of the Greeks; Athens formerly peopled with ambassa-
 “ dors, who flocked to claim its almighty protection, is not
 “ this city now obliged to fight, not to obtain a superiority
 “ over the Greeks, but to preserve itself from destruction?
 “ Such are the misfortunes which Demosthenes has
 “ brought upon us, since his intermeddling with the
 “ administration.——

“ Imagine

“ Imagine then, Athenians, when he shall invite the
 “ confidents and accomplices of his abject perfidy to
 “ range themselves around him, towards the close of his
 “ harangue ; imagine then, Athenians, on your side, that
 “ you see the ancient benefactors of this commonwealth,
 “ drawn up in battle array, round this rostrum, where I
 “ am now speaking, in order to repulse that audacious
 “ band. Imagine you hear Solon, who strengthened the
 “ popular government by such excellent laws ; that phi-
 “ losopher, that incomparable legislator, conjuring you
 “ with a gentleness and modesty becoming his charac-
 “ ter, not to set a higher value upon Demosthenes’s
 “ oratorical flourishes than upon your oaths and your
 “ laws. Imagine you hear Aristides, who made so ex-
 “ act and just a division of the contributions imposed
 “ upon the Greeks for the common cause ; that sage
 “ dispenser, who left no other inheritance to his daugh-
 “ ters, but the public gratitude, which was their portion ;
 “ imagine, I say, you hear him bitterly bewailing the
 “ outrageous manner in which we trample upon justice,
 “ and speaking to you in these words. What ! because
 “ Arthmius of Zelia, that Asiatick, who passed through
 “ Athens, where he even enjoyed the rights of hospita-
 “ lity, had brought gold from the Medes into Greece ;
 “ your ancestors were going to send him to the place of
 “ execution, and banished him, not only from their city,
 “ but from all the countries dependent on them ; and
 “ will not you blush to decree Demosthenes, who has not
 “ indeed brought gold from the Medes, but has received
 “ such sums of money from all parts to betray you, and
 “ now enjoys the fruit of his treasures ; will not you,
 “ I say, blush to decree a crown of gold to Demosthenes ?
 “ Do you think that Themistocles, and the heroes who
 “ were killed in the battles of Marathon and Platea ; do
 “ you think the very tombs of your ancestors will not
 “ send forth groans, if you crown a man who, by his
 “ own confession, has been for ever conspiring with bar-
 “ barians to ruin Greece ?

“ As to myself, O earth ! O sun ! O virtue ! And you,
 “ who are the springs of true discernment, lights both
 “ natural and acquired, by which we distinguish good
 “ from evil, I call you to witness, that I have used all
 “ my endeavours to relieve the state, and to plead her

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“ cause.

“ cause. I could have wished my speech had been equal
 “ to the greatness and importance of the subject; at least,
 “ I can flatter myself with having discharged my duty,
 “ according to my abilities, if I have not done it according
 “ to my wishes. Do you, Athenians, from the reasons
 “ you have heard, and those which your wisdom will
 “ suggest; do you pronounce such a judgment, as is con-
 “ formable to strict justice, and the common good de-
 “ mands from you.

T H E

O R A T I O N

O F

DEMOSTHENES ON THE CROWN.

IN the first place, ye men of Athens, I make my prayer to all the powers of heaven, that such affection as I have ever invariably discovered to this state, and all its citizens, you, now, may entertain for me, upon this present trial. And (what concerns you nearly, what essentially concerns your religion and your honour)—that the gods may so dispose your minds, as to permit me to proceed in my defence, not as directed by my adversary, (that would be severe indeed!) but by the laws, and by your oath, in which, to all the other equitable clauses, we find this expressly added—*Each party shall have equal audience.*—This imports not merely that you shall not pre-judge, not merely that the same impartiality shall be shewn to both; but still further, that the contending parties shall each be left at full liberty to arrange, and to conduct his pleading, as his choice or judgment may determine.

In many instances hath Æschines the entire advantage, in this cause. Two there are of more especial moment. First, as to our interests in the contest, we are on terms utterly unequal; for they are by no means points of equal import, for me to be deprived of your affections, and for him to be defeated in his prosecution. As to me—but, when I am entering on my defence, let me suppress every thing
 ominous,

ominous, sensible as I must be of this the advantage of my adversary. — In the next place, such is the natural disposition of mankind, that invective and accusation are heard with pleasure; while they who speak their own praises are received with impatience. His, then, is the part which commands a favourable acceptance; that which must prove offensive to every single hearer is reserved for me. If, to guard against this disadvantage, I should decline all mention of mine own actions, I know not by what means I could refute the charge, or establish my pretensions to this honour. If, on the other hand, I enter into a detail of my whole conduct, private and political, I must be obliged to speak perpetually of myself. Here then I shall endeavour to preserve all possible moderation: and what the circumstances of the case necessarily extort from me must, in justice, be imputed to him who first moved a prosecution so extraordinary.

There was a time then, my fellow citizens! when the Lacedæmonians were sovereign masters, both by sea and land: when their troops and forts surrounded the entire circuit of Attica, when they possessed Eubœa, Tanagra, the whole Bœotian district, Megara, Ægina, Cleonè, and the other islands; while this state had not one ship, not one wall. Then did you march to Haliartus; and, not many days after, were your forces once more led to Corinth. And yet the Athenians of these days had many injuries to resent, both from Corinth and from Thebes, by their conduct during the Decelian war. But far were they from harbouring such resentment. Observe then, Æschines; they acted thus, in both these instances, not that they acted for their benefactors, not that they saw no danger in these expeditions. Such considerations never could induce them to abandon those who fled to their protection. No! from the nobler motives of glory and renown, they devoted their services to the distressed. And surely this their determination was just and generous. For death must come to close the period of man's life, into whatever corner one may shrink from the inevitable blow: but the truly brave should draw the sword on all occasions of honourable danger, armed in fair hopes of success, yet still resigned with an equal fortitude to whatever may be decreed by Heaven. Such was the conduct of our ancestors, such the conduct of our elder citizens,

who, though the Lacedæmonians had been no friends, no benefactors to our state, but had injured us in many and important instances; yet, when the Thebans, flushed with their success at Leuctra, had attempted to destroy them, defeated the attempt; undismayed by the then formidable power of Thebes; determined by the motive of glory, not by the behaviour of those in whose cause they were exposed. And by these actions did you demonstrate to the Greeks, that, whatever injuries Athens may receive, her resentment is reserved only for the just occasion: when the being, when the liberty of the injurious party, is once in danger, her wrongs never are remembered, never regarded.

But, since he hath insisted so much upon the event, I shall hazard a bold assertion. But, in the name of Heaven: let it not be deemed extravagant: let it be weighed with candor. I say then, that had we all known what fortune was to attend our efforts; had we all foreseen the final issue; had you foretold it, Æschines; had you bellowed out your terrible denunciations; (you whose voice was never heard;) yet even in such a case, must this city have pursued the very same conduct, if she had retained a thought of glory, of her ancestors, or of future times. For, thus, she could only have been deemed unfortunate in her attempts: and misfortunes are the lot of all men, whenever it may please Heaven to inflict them. But if that state which once claimed the first rank in Greece, had resigned this rank, in time of danger, she had incurred the censure of betraying the whole nation to the enemy.—If we had indeed given up those points, without one blow, for which our fathers encountered every peril, who would not have spurned you with scorn? *You, the author of such conduct*, not the state, or me? In the name of Heaven, say with what face could we have met those foreigners who sometimes visit us, if such scandalous supineness on our part had brought affairs to their present situation? If Philip had been chosen general of the Grecian army, and some other state had drawn the sword against this insidious nomination? And fought the battle, unassisted by the Athenians, that people who, in ancient times, never preferred inglorious security to honourable danger? What part
of

of Greece, what part of the barbarian world has not heard, that the Thebans in their period of success, that the Lacedæmonians whose power was older and more extensive, that the king of Persia, would have cheerfully and joyfully consented that this state should enjoy her own dominions, together with an accession of territory ample as her wishes, upon this condition, that she should receive law, and suffer another state to preside in Greece? But, to Athenians, this was a condition unbecoming their descent, intolerable to their spirit, repugnant to their nature. Athens never was once known to live in a slavish, though a secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No: our whole history is one series of noble contests for pre-eminence; the whole period of our existence hath been spent in braving dangers, for the sake of glory and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, so consonant to the Athenian character, that those of your ancestors who were most distinguished in the pursuit of it, are ever the most favourite objects of your praise. And with reason. For who can reflect without astonishment upon the magnanimity of those men, who resigned their lands, gave up their city, and embarked in their ships, to avoid the odious state of subjection? Who chose Themistocles, the adviser of this conduct, to command their forces; and, when Cressylus proposed, that they should yield to the terms prescribed, stoned him to death? Nay the public indignation was not yet allayed. Your very wives inflicted the same vengeance on his wife. For the Athenians of that day looked out for no speaker, no general to procure them a state of prosperous slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. For it was a principle fixed deeply in every breast, that man was not born to his parents only, but to his country. And mark the distinction. He who regards himself as born only to his parents, waits in passive submission for the hour of his natural dissolution. He who considers that he is the child of his country also, is prepared to meet his fate freely, rather than behold that country reduced to vassalage: and thinks those insults and disgraces which he must meet, in a state enslaved, much more terrible than death. Should I then attempt to assert, that it was

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I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No: it is my point to shew, that such sentiments are properly your own; that they were the sentiments of my country, long before my days. I claim but my share of merit, in having acted on such principles, in every part of my administration. He then who condemns every part of my administration, he who directs you to treat me with severity, as one who hath involved the state in terrors and dangers, while he labours to deprive me of present honour, robs you of the applause of all posterity. For if you now pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that you yourselves have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fortune.—But it cannot be! No, my countrymen! it cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger bravely, for the liberty and the safety of all Greece. No! by those generous souls of antient times, who were exposed at Marathon! By those who stood arrayed at Plataea! By those who encountered the Persian fleet at Salamis, who fought at Artemisium! By all those illustrious sons of Athens, whose remains lie deposited in the public monuments! All of whom received the same honourable interment from their country: not those only who prevailed, not those only who were victorious.—And with reason. What was the part of gallant men they all performed: their success was such as the supreme director of the world dispensed to each.

Of all the men beneath the sun, point out the single person, (Æschines) Greek, or Barbarian, who hath not fallen under the power, first of Philip, and now of Alexander; and I submit: let every thing be imputed to my fortune, (shall I call it?) or, if you please, my evil genius. But if numbers who never saw me, who never heard my voice, have laboured under a variety of the most afflicting calamities, I mean not only individuals, but whole states and nations; how much more consonant to truth and justice, must it be to ascribe the whole to that common fate of mankind, that torrent of unhappy events which bore down upon us with an irresistible violence?—But you turn your eyes from the real cause, and lay the entire blame on my administration; although you know, that,

if

if not the whole, a part at least of your virulent abuse must thus fall upon your country, and chiefly upon yourself. Had I, when speaking in the assembly, been absolute and independent master of affairs, then your other speakers might call me to account. But if ye were ever present, if ye were all in general invited to propose your sentiments, if ye were all agreed that the measures then suggested were really the best, if you, *Æschines*, in particular were thus persuaded, (and it was no partial affection for me, that prompted you to give me up the hopes, the applause, the honours which attended that course I then advised, but the superior force of truth, and your own utter inability to point out any more eligible course)—If this was the case, I say, is it not highly cruel and unjust to arraign those measures now, when you could not then propose any better?—In all other cases, we find mankind in general perfectly agreed, and determining in every particular with exact precision. Hath a wilful injury been committed? It is followed with resentment and punishment. Hath a man erred unwillingly, he meets with pardon instead of punishment. Is there a man who hath neither willingly nor inadvertently offended? who hath devoted himself to what appeared the true interest of his country, but in some instances hath shared in the general disappointment? Justice requires, that, instead of reproaching and reviling such a man, we should condole with him. These points are all manifest: they need not the decision of laws, they are determined by nature, by the unwritten precepts of humanity.—Mark then the extravagance of that cruelty and malice which *Æschines* hath discovered. The very events, which he himself quotes as so many instances of unhappy fortune, he would impute to me as crimes.

As to those public works so much the object of your ridicule, they undoubtedly demand a due share of honour and applause: but I rate them far beneath the great merits of my administration. It is not with stones nor bricks that I have fortified the city. It is not from works like these that I derive my reputation. Would you know my methods of fortifying? Examine, and you will find them, in the arms, the towns, the territories, the harbours I have secured, the navies, the troops, the armies I have raised,

raised. These are the works by which I defended Attica, as far as human foresight could defend it: these are the fortifications I drew round our whole territory, and not the circuit of our harbour, or of our city only. In these acts of policy, in these provisions for a war, I never yielded to Philip. No; it was our generals and our confederate forces who yielded to fortune. Would you know the proofs of this? They are plain and evident. Consider: what was the part of a faithful citizen? of a prudent, an active, and an honest minister? Was he not to secure Eubœa, as our defence against all attacks by sea? Was he not to make Bœotia, our barrier on the mid-land side? The cities bordering on Peloponnesus our bulwark, on that quarter? Was he not to attend with due precaution to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected, through all its progress, up to our own harbour? Was he not to cover those districts which we commanded by seasonable detachments, as the Proconesus, the Chersonesus, and Tenedos? To exert himself in the assembly for this purpose? While with equal zeal he laboured to gain others to our interest and alliance, as Byzantium, Abydus, and Eubœa? Was he not to cut off the best and most important resources of our enemies, and to supply those in which our country was defective?—And all this you gained by my counsels, and my administration. Such counsels and such an administration, as must appear, upon a fair and equitable view, the result of strict integrity; such as left no favourable juncture unimproved, through ignorance or treachery; such as ever had their due effect, as far as the judgment and abilities of one man could prove effectual. But, if some superior being, if the power of fortune, if the misconduct of generals, if the iniquity of you traitors, or if all these together broke in upon us, and at length involved us in one general devastation, how is Demosthenes to be blamed? Had there been a single man in each Grecian state, to act the same part which I supported in this city; nay, had but one such man been found in Thessaly, and one in Arcadia, actuated by my principles, not a single Greek, either beyond, or on this side Thermopylæ, could have experienced the misfortunes of this day. All then had been free and independent, in perfect tranquillity,

lity, security, and happiness, uncontrouled, in their several communities, by any foreign power, and filled with gratitude to you, and to your state, the authors of these blessings so extensive and so precious. And all this by my means.—To convince you that I have spoken much less than I could justify by facts, that, in this detail, I have studiously guarded against envy, take—read the lists of our confederates, as they were procured by my decrees.

There are two distinguishing qualities (Athenians!) which the virtuous citizen should ever possess. (I speak in general terms, as the least invidious method of doing justice to myself) a zeal for the honour and pre-eminence of the state, in his official conduct; on all occasions, and in all transactions, an affection for his country. This nature can bestow. Abilities and success depend upon another power. And in this affection you find me firm and invariable. Not the solemn demand of my person, not the vengeance of the Amphictyonic council which they denounced against me, not the terror of their threatenings, not the flattery of their promises, no, nor the fury of those accursed wretches, whom they roused like wild beasts against me, could ever tear this affection from my breast. From first to last, I have uniformly pursued the just and virtuous course of conduct; assertor of the honours of the prerogatives, of the glory of my country; studious to support them, zealous to advance them, my whole being is devoted to this glorious cause. I was never known to march through the city, with a face of joy and exultation, at the success of a foreign power; embracing, and announcing the joyful tidings to those who, I supposed, would transmit it to the proper place. I was never known to receive the successes of my own country, with tremblings, with sighings, with eyes bending to the earth, like those impious men, who are the defamers of the state, as if by such conduct they were not defamers of themselves: who look abroad; and, when a foreign potentate hath established his power on the calamities of Greece, applaud the event, and tell us we should take every means to perpetuate his power.

Hear me, ye immortal Gods! and let not these their desires be ratified in heaven! Infuse a better spirit into these men! Inspire even their minds with purer sentiments!—

ments!—This is my first prayer.—Or if their natures are not to be reformed; on them, on them only discharge your vengeance! Pursue them both by land and sea! Pursue them even to destruction! But, to us display your goodness, in a speedy deliverance from impending evils, and all the blessings of protection and tranquillity!

C I C E R O's

ORATION AGAINST VERRÉS.

THE time is come, fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy, your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance, but superior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, viz. that, in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. I have undertaken this prosecution, fathers, at the general desire, and with the great expectation of the Roman people, not that I might draw envy upon that illustrious order, of which the accused happens to be; but with the direct design of clearing your justice and impartiality before the world. For I have brought upon his trial, one, whose conduct has been such, that, in passing a just sentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of re-establishing the credit of such trials; of recovering whatever may be lost of the favour of the Roman people; and of satisfying foreign states and kingdoms

doms in alliance with us, or tributary to us. I demand justice of you, fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public. But if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor; but justice, and adequate punishment.

For, as those acts of violence, by which he has got his exorbitant riches, were done openly, so have his attempts to pervert judgment, and escape due punishment, been public, and in open defiance of decency. He has accordingly said, that the only time he ever was afraid, was, when he found the prosecution commenced against him by me; lest he should not have time enough to dispose of a sufficient number of presents in proper hands. Nor has he attempted to secure himself by the legal way of defence upon his trial. And, indeed, where is the learning, the eloquence, or the art, which would be sufficient to qualify any one for the defence of him whose whole life has been a continued series of the most atrocious crimes? To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quaestorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies; Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer; a consul stripped and betrayed; an army deserted and reduced to want; a province robbed; the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of those countries; in which houses, cities, and temples were robbed by him. There he acted over again the scene of his quaestorship, bringing by his bad practices, Cneius Dolabella, whose substitute he was, into disgrace with the people, and then deserting him; not only deserting, but even accusing and betraying him. What was his conduct in his praetorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle

embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge; Let those, who suffered by his injustice, answer. But his prætorship in Sicily, crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years under the wisest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition, in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. No inhabitant of that ruined country has been able to keep possession of any thing, but what has either escaped the rapaciousness, or been neglected by the satiety of that universal plunderer. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years. And his decisions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The sums, he has, by arbitrary taxes, and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned and banished unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns opened to pirates and ravagers. The soldiery and sailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death. Whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such, as decency forbids to describe. Nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity. And these his atrocious crimes
have

have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one, who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.

Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the goals; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome;" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them; but, on the contrary, brought a speedier, and more severe punishment upon them.

Now, Verres, I ask what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend, that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alledged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance, than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man arrested, as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain, that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Pannonia, and will attest my innocence." The bloodthirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered

amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen." With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred! now trampled upon!—But what then! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

T. QUINTIUS's

Speech to the Roman people, from the third book of
T. Livius.

THOUGH I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—Posterity will know it—In the fourth consulship of Titus Quintius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchastised! The
course

course of our manners indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good; but could I have imagined, that so great ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would by death or banishment (if all other means had failed) have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken, while I was consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—Of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate. But who are they, that our dastardly enemies thus despise? the consuls? or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depose us, punish us yet more severely.—If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men punish your faults, only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of your enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquished not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord is the ruin of this city. The eternal disputes between the senate and the people, are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we will set no bounds to our domination, nor you to your liberty! while you impatiently endure patrician magistrates, and we plebeian, our enemies take heart, grow elated and presumptuous.

In the name of the immortal gods what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired tribunes; for the sake of peace we granted them—You were eager to have decemvirs; we consented to their creation.—You grew weary of these decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate—Your hatred pursued them, when reduced to be private men; and we suffered you to put to death or banish patricians of the first rank in the republic.—You insisted upon the restoration of the tribuneship, we yielded: we quietly saw consuls of your own faction elected.—You have the protection of your tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the patricians are subjected to the decrees of the commons.—Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights, and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you shew less temper

temper than we under our defeat.—When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine Hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.—The enemy is at our gates, the *Æsquiline* is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it.—But against us you are valiant, against us you can arm with all diligence. Come on then, besiege the Senate House, make a camp of the Forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles, and when you have atchieved these glorious exploits, then at the least sally out at the *Æsquiline* gate with the same fierce spirits against the enemy.—Does your resolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the tribunes make up your losses to you? They will give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state; heap laws upon laws; assemblies you shall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from those assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction.—Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.—If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not in a few days drive those pillagers out of our territory.—This terror of war (with which you seem so grievously struck) shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

F I N I S.

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